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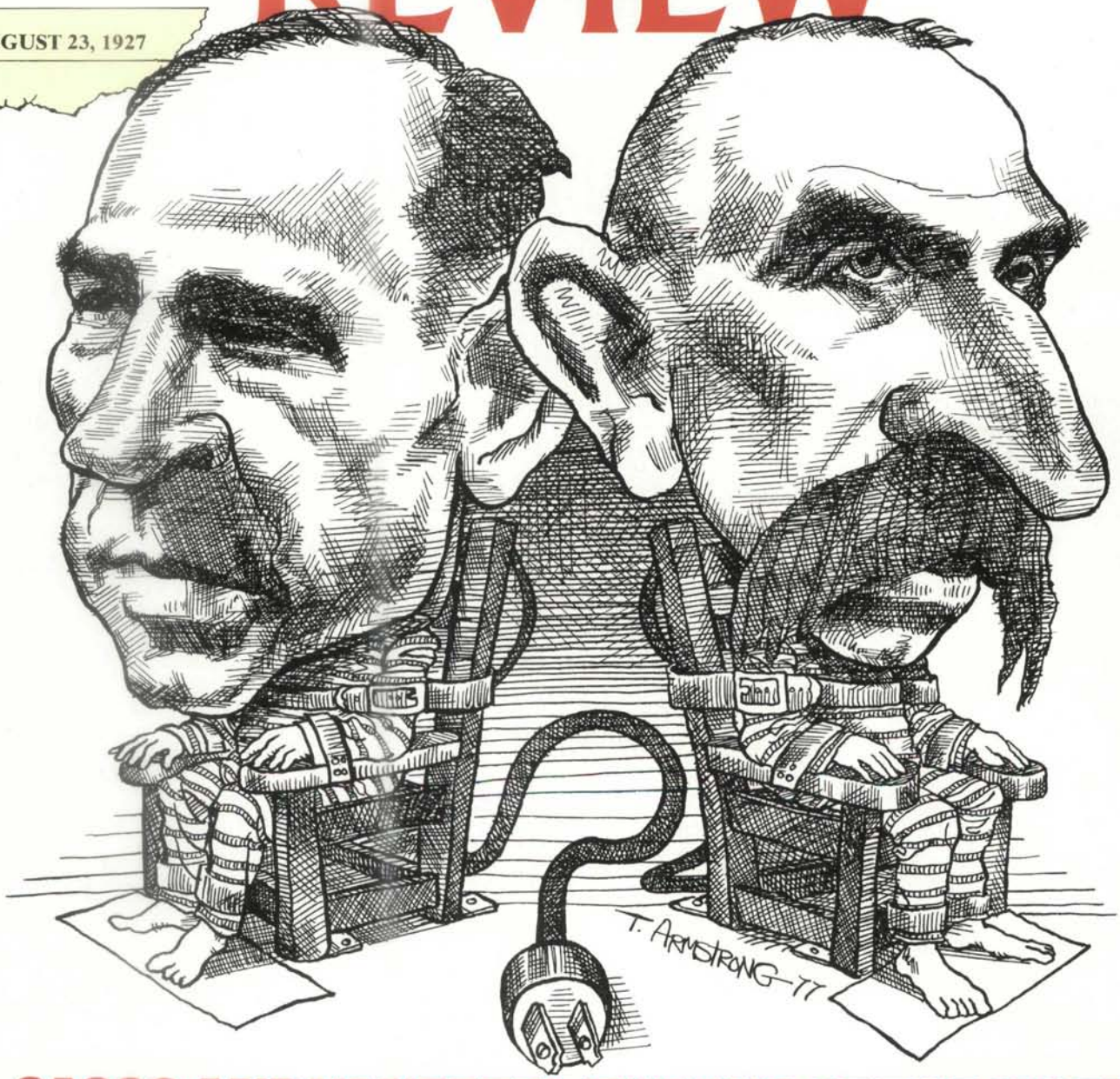
nes Burnham Asks:
Y IS RHODESIA ON THE
NORLD'S HIT LIST? -see page 935

NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 23, 1927



SACCO AND VANZETTI-THE END OF THE MYTH

More Appropriations—More Unemployment—*by Orrin G. Hatch*
A Surfacing of the Underground Church— *by Mary Martínez*

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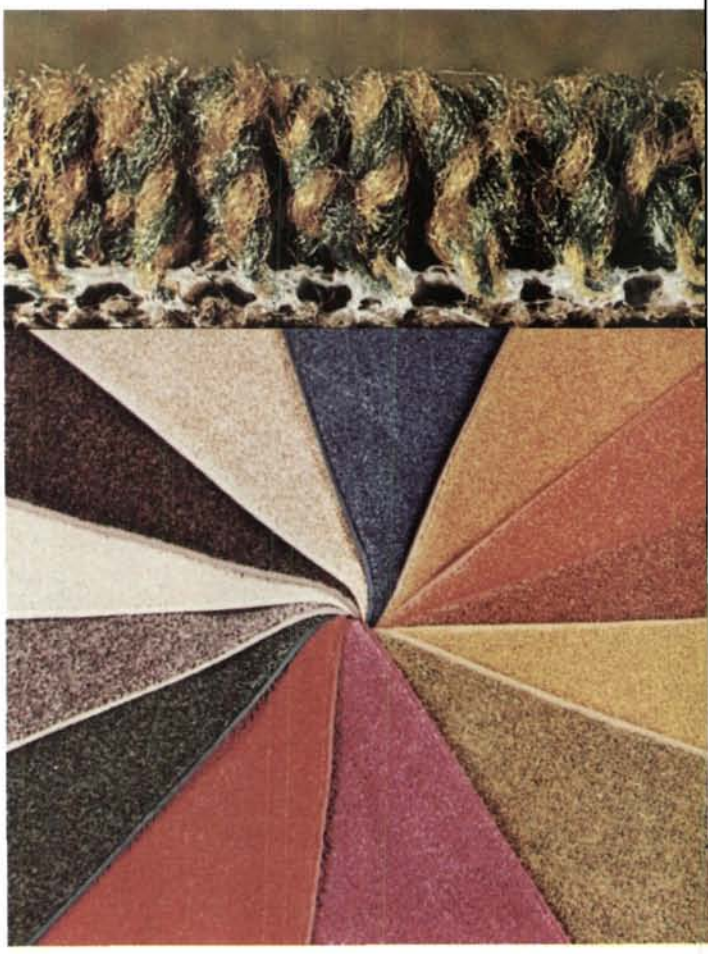

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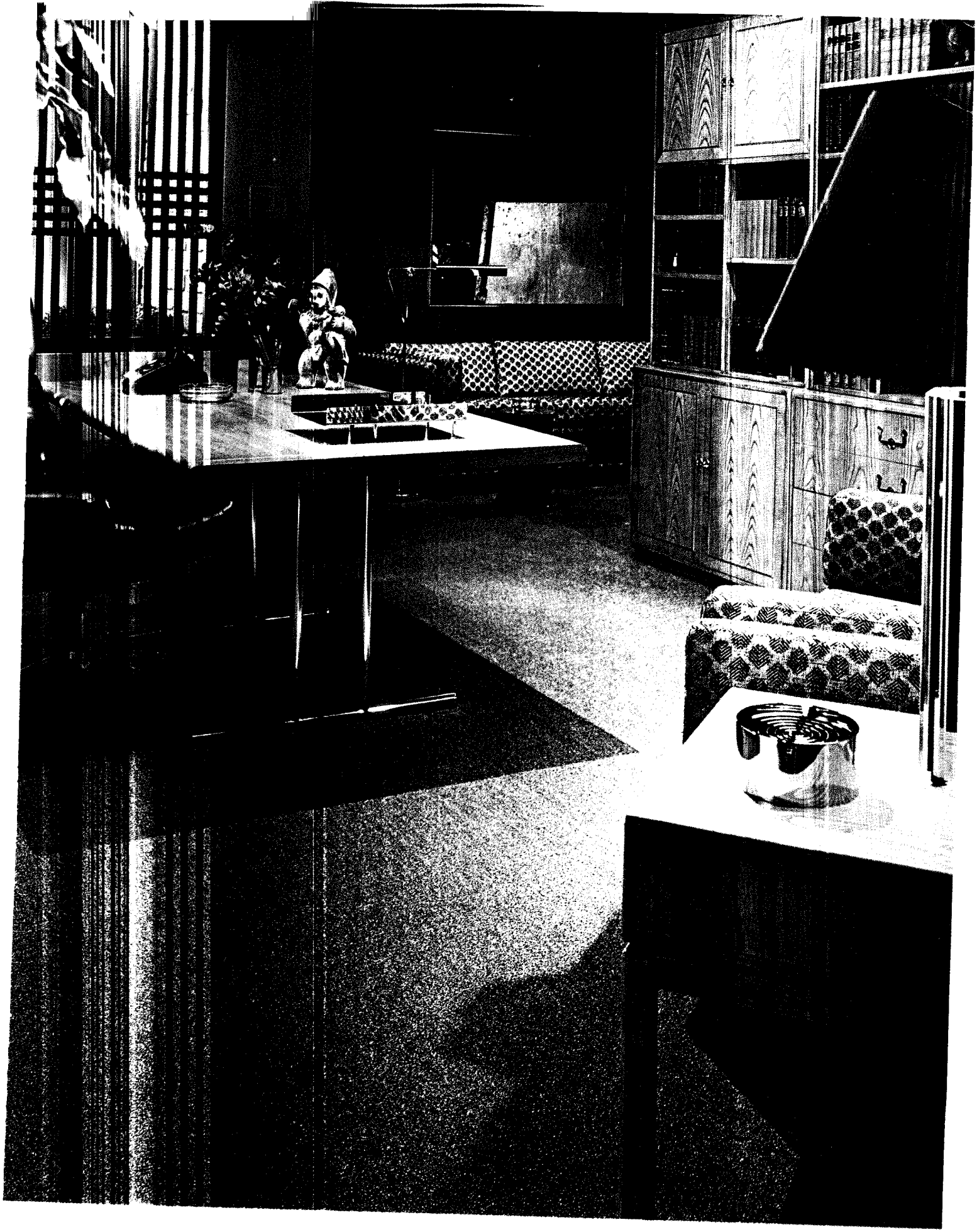

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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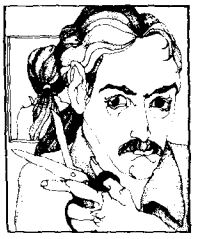

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The partisans of Sacco and Vanzetti have subtly beat a retreat: from an assertion that the two anarchists were innocent to a complaint that the trial was marred by procedural improprieties. The funny thing is that this did not become an issue until five years after the execution—indeed, two defense lawyers had praised the trial as exemplary in its conduct, though erroneous in its result. Now, thanks to the Freedom of Information Act, it is possible to assess the role of the FBI in securing the conviction.
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Letters

Laudemus Eum

Since Will Herberg wrote little for NATIONAL REVIEW after I began reading it regularly (at the beginning of the Seventies), your spread "The Achievement of Will Herberg" [Aug. 5] was for me not a reminiscence about someone I had admired, but an introduction to a writer I now want to go out and read. In this vein, I was especially glad to see Nathan Glazer's synopsis of *Protestant–Catholic–Jew*, since I had read here and there other people's arguments that claimed to be based on Herberg's and that, frankly, didn't hold water. Whereas Herberg's own ideas, as presented by Glazer, are perfectly clear and very suggestive.

But I hope that won't be taken as *numero unius, exclusio alterius*: I enjoyed, and/or learned from, all the pieces, and now intend to do likewise with Herberg's own works.

New York, N.Y. ANDREW LOWIN

Columbia's Honor

In a letter to the editor [Aug. 5], Mr. Dion Kekatos takes issue with an editorial condemning Columbia University for its handling of the Kissinger appointment episode. He points out, correctly, I think, that a majority at Columbia favored the Kissinger appointment, though a noisy minority carried the day. But surely the point here is that no spokesman for the so-called majority spoke out sternly for academic freedom. President McGill did not condemn the totalitarian academic rabble. The voices of dishonor were loud; the voices of intellectual honor silent. The student newspaper, the *Spectator*, typically opposed the Kissinger appointment. As *NR* said, Columbia is an academic slum. Kissinger is better off at Georgetown.

New York, N.Y. LOUIS TORCH

Monroe Doctrine, R I P

In Mr. Buckley's column "Restrained Totalism" [July 8], his main thrust is, correctly, that the U.S. is engaged in a critical struggle with a reprehensible enemy and that we should use appropriate and commensurate means to secure the defeat of that enemy. And I agree completely that our fear of the Communists is not inordinate if we are to believe any of the history of the twentieth century at all.

However, his invocation of the Monroe Doctrine troubles me. He noted that the Monroe Doctrine was a) "repealed by President Kennedy when . . . he promised . . . Khrushchev not to invade Cuba" in 1962 and b) something "that for a good many decades Americans were implicitly committed to giving their lives, if necessary, to defend." This kind of business is unnecessary and detracts from his analysis. For the truth of the matter is this: the Monroe Doctrine of 1823 not only contained a "warning" to European nations to stay out of the Americas, it also emphasized the United States' intention to stay out of the affairs of Europe and European empires outside the Western Hemisphere. Thus, the Monroe Doctrine was effectively repealed not by JFK but by the U.S. intervention in World War I (its spirit had been abrogated long before then when the U.S. took the Philippines).

But my main thrust is not a historical one: I simply reject the imagined necessity to surround the clear and realistic advocacy of the United States' pursuit of its national interest with historical justifications (or moralisms) which are so susceptible to disintegration upon analysis.

New York, N.Y. SIDNEY HELFANT

Riding with the Winner

"Watch Out, Here We Come" [June 10] shows James Burnham's usual sound analysis, with one important omission.

Burnham's Proposition 3 credits "many geopolitical analysts" with the belief that black rule in South Africa will be favorable to U.S. strategic and economic interests, *if we ride with the winner.*

But he might have pointed out that the Africans also have to consider the importance of riding with the winner, and black dictators who appreciate power and who hear Mr. Carter talk tough while carrying a feather duster will want to ride with the probable future winner—the Soviet Union.

The assurances of the UN Ambassador to his fellow blacks that U.S. Marines will intervene in South Africa, plus the Carter powder-puff aid, are pitifully and frighteningly reminiscent of the Kennedy approach to Vietnam. Then as now it was seemingly impossible for a Democratic President to listen to professional military advice or to learn that trade represents armed force.

Pebble Beach, Calif. W. W. YALE

Nixon's Bosworth Field

Perhaps the popular analogy between Richard Nixon ["Howls in the Night," May 27] and Richard III of England is more telling than those who use it realize, for, as we know now, "Crook-backed Dick," albeit unpopular, was not an evil monarch. He had the misfortune of having his frailties magnified by William Shakespeare, who was writing for those who had deposed Richard—namely the Tudors.

(Continues on page 918)

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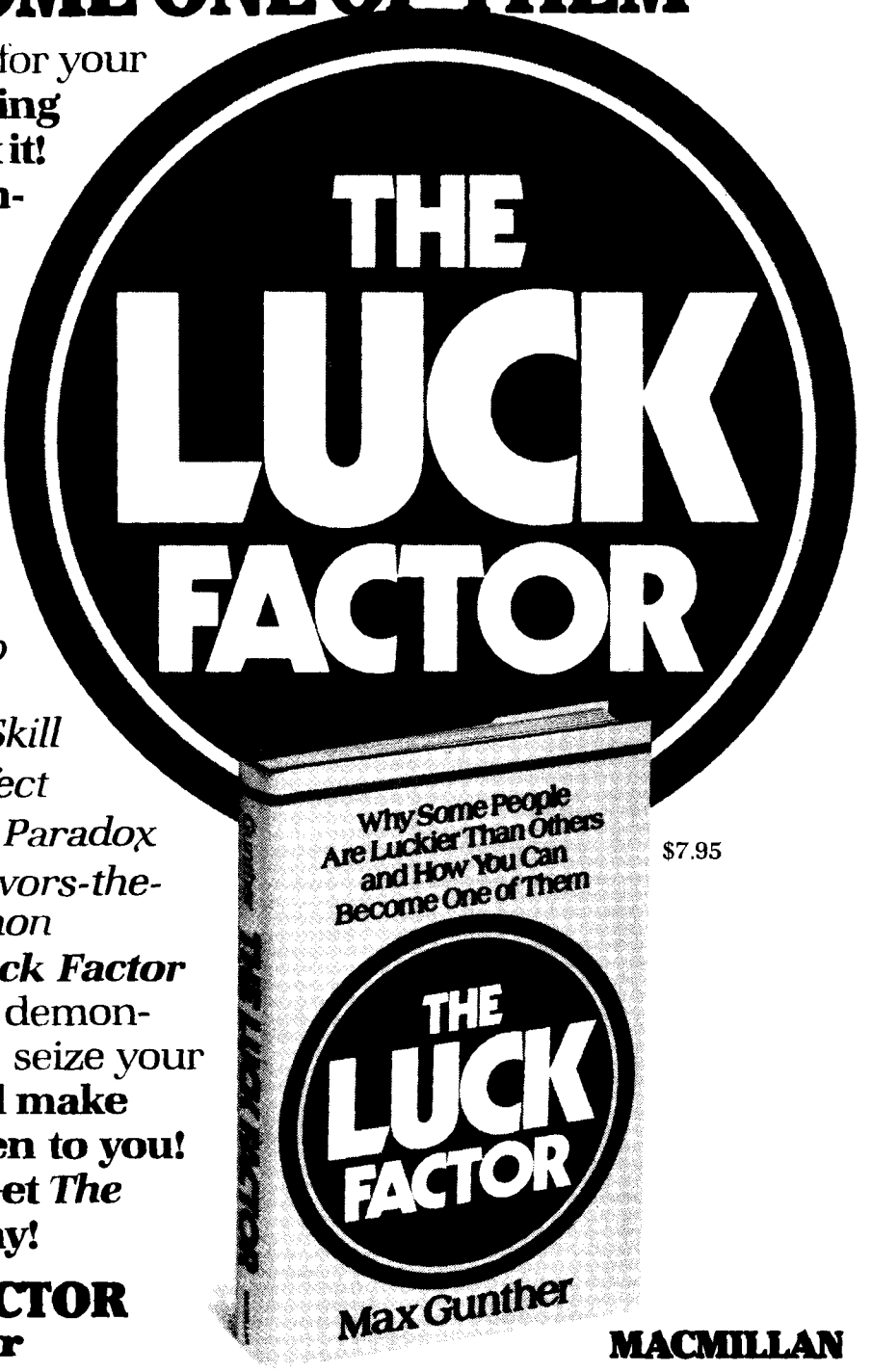

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Volume XIII, Number 9 • June, 1977 • Pickfair Bldg., Rancho Santa Fe, Calif. 92067 • Area 714:756-2600

Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, M.D., Ph.D.:

ON A SUBSTANCE THAT CAN MAKE US SICK (IF WE DO NOT EAT IT!)

One of the world's most honored scientists, winner of the 1937 Nobel Prize for Physiology and Medicine, explains the fascinating paradox of vitamins.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *A long-time member of our Editorial Board, Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi is currently a visiting professor at the University of Miami's Institute for Molecular and Cellular Evolution. He is world-renown for his discovery of ascorbic acid, (vitamin C) his studies on cellular respiration and on muscles, which resulted in the first workable theory of muscle contraction. Now, at the age of 84, and after 20 years of research, he has evolved a theory that may solve the deadly mystery of cancer.*

—Richard Stanton

I am aware that having discovered ascorbic acid did not make me into an expert on the medical use of vitamins. All the same, this work made me come in touch with vitamin C more often than I would have come without it. I had hardly announced my result when I was invited by E. Merck and Co. to come to Darmstadt, Germany, to discuss the medical uses of ascorbic acid with leading German clinicians. I did not have much to say but went all the same. I found the clinicians very nice but was shocked by their lack of biological insight and lack of interest in the basic problems. They told me that they had no need of my ascorbic acid because ascorbic acid prevented scurvy, and there was no scurvy. The logic was simple, almost irrefutable. Though I could bring up no argument against it, I felt that it was completely wrong. It was wrong because "no-scurvy" does not mean health. There is a wide gap between health and no-scurvy. Scurvy is a pre-

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 914)

Nixon undoubtedly committed crimes while in high office and used that office to protect himself and/or his cohorts from the repercussions. It is also true, though, that Nixon's offenses were enlarged to a far greater extent than any of his predecessors'. The Bay of Pigs, considered objectively, is certainly as serious and as "cloak and dagger" as the Watergate intrigue. Countless Presidents have either lied to or misled the American people. Roosevelt, in his 1940 election speeches, was confidently assuring American mothers that their sons would never be sent abroad to die in foreign wars.

So why was the American public suddenly so concerned with rooting out evil in the case of Richard Nixon?

As is known, governments often fall when they bring home a less than satisfactory peace: witness the fall of Lord Shelburne, the British Prime Minister who signed the peace with the new United States Government in 1783. Even after a victorious war, leaders in free societies cannot count on a secure tenure of office —e.g., Winston Churchill in 1945.

What is suggested here is that the post-war frustration put the nation in a mood to lash out at any target. Nixon, whose record was, to be sure, less than honorable, was the perfect quarry for this national passion.

Kingston, Ont. DAVID E. TORRANCE

Si Monumentum Requiris

For Harry Bridges ["The Week," May 13] may I add this, using a phrase once used to honor a man: "If you would see his monument, look about you." Let the people of San Francisco and the world look at the rotting, empty piers of the waterfront and see what a sorry legacy their tolerance of Harry Bridges has given them.

HELEN G. MACCOLLISTER

San Francisco, Calif.

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It didn't start with Watergate

At the height of the Watergate hysteria, Alexander Solzhenitsyn spoke from the Soviet Union of the "dense hypocrisy characteristic of today's American political life," most notably "of the Senate leaders with their distorted view of the discordant Watergate affair. Without in any way defending Nixon or the Republican party, how can one not be amazed at the hypocritical, clamorous rage displayed by the Democrats?"

Victor Lasky asked himself the same question. A newsman of forty years' experience, he knew perfectly well that the Democrat closet was crammed with skeletons. So he opened the door.

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Lasky never loses sight of the two overriding truths:

- These Democrat scandals would never have been ignored or suppressed, but for the buddy-buddy relationship of the Dems and their cronies in the media.
- Watergate would never have occasioned two years of media-fueled hysteria if the media had put Watergate in the context of 30 years of Democrat scandals (many of them far more serious).

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- Did leading Democrats and some newsmen know in advance that Watergate would happen?
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- Dirty tricks for McGovern.
- FDR's son John on his father's bugging habits.
- Forgotten: the circumstances surrounding Teddy Kennedy's plane crash.
- The hypocrisy of Senator Weicker: it shocks even hardened colleagues.
- "The worst violation of civil liberties in American history"—dreamed up by two eminent liberals.
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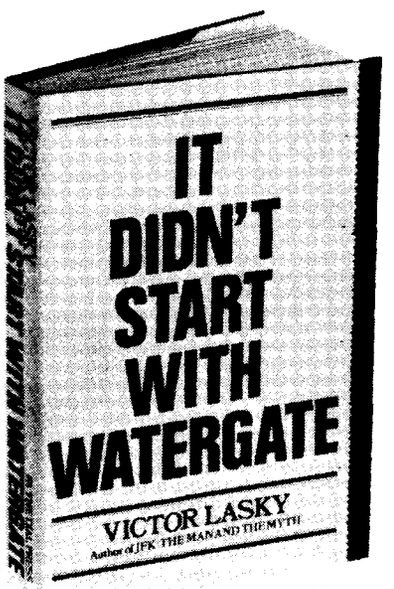

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also a drag on the economy. For example, our health-care costs are a direct result of pollution. Talk about a wasted diversion of capital and labor.

Your polemics fail on other points. To asseverate that factories were not built because of environmental regulations is analogous to arguing that cars have not been produced because of safety standards. Second, employing people in pollution control does not reduce the economic capacity to produce marketable goods and services. It is a shift in supply and demand to other goods and services, namely a cleaner environment. Third, you state that because of spending on the environment, more money will chase fewer goods—hence inflation. When did the money supply change? The same could be said for money spent attending the theater or contributing to a church.

There is no question excessive interpretation of environmental standards will hobble economic growth. Witness the Dow Chemical decision in California and the hassling of Maine's Seabrook facility by the EPA. However, your editorial dealt less with the excesses of our bureaucrats and more with the basic premises of the environmentalists, premises I feel will benefit all.

Sacramento, Calif. STEVEN E. PRESSON

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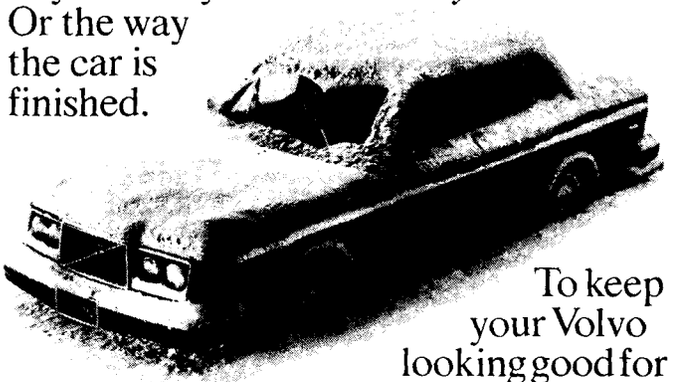

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Fred Wertheimer** of Common Cause is terribly cross at liberal Republican Sens. **Clifford Case** and **Jacob Javits**, who have, he says, "reached a stage where they do not stand for anything." What Messrs. Case and Javits did was close ranks with the Republican minority against attempts by the Democratic majority to seal off a filibuster against President **Carter**'s proposed bill for public financing of senatorial elections. That bill is now dead. . . . Sen. **Ribicoff** has another of Carter's campaign proposals, the repeal of the **Hatch Act**, bottled up in committee, and over in the House instant registration is stalled.

■ It's not too early for Republican hopefuls to start looking at '80. The *Christian Science Monitor* says that Sen. **Lowell Weicker** of Connecticut, who was talking two years back of running as an independent, is setting up a tentative Weicker for President organization, headed by **Brian Gaffney**, former Connecticut Republican state chairman. . . . Columnists **Witcover & Germond** report Sen. **Dole**—**Ford**'s running-mate—has presidential ambitions, but they say Dole won't make the run for the roses if **Ronald Reagan** mounts a serious campaign. . . . When asked who were the biggest drawing cards for Republican fundraisers, GOP National Chairman **Bill Brock** replied: Ford and Reagan. Regionally, it's **John Connally** in the Southwest, Gov. **Jim Thompson** of Illinois in the Midwest, Sen. **Howard Baker** of Tennessee in the South, **Nelson Rockefeller**, still, in New York.

■ Sen. **Dewey Bartlett** (R., Okla.), a leading foe of abortion, has written **Joseph Califano**, director of HEW, to ask why government stationery was used to advertise a pro-abortion meeting held on government premises during

Donato, *Toronto Sun* Rothco

Each of us has a cross to bear.

office hours by the staff of the National Institute of Education. The purpose of the meeting, which the taxpayers paid for (unwittingly), was to lobby for federal funds for Medicare abortions. . . . The *National Journal*, by the way, reports there are 19,000 **press agents** on the federal payroll. . . . After the Labor Day recess the *Congressional Record* says it too will be **Ivory Soap pure**. From that date on, speeches which congressmen desire to have entered into the *Record* even if they never got around to delivering them on the floor will be identified by large, black bullets (●).

■ A month ahead of the primary in New York City, most polls show **Bella Abzug** still leading the seven-man Democratic field, but with her margin trimmed. Second, on most polls, are **Mario Cuomo**, Gov. **Hugh Carey**'s choice, and Rep. **Edward Koch**. . . . On the Republican side, liberal State Senator **Roy Goodman** has been busy challenging the petition signatures not only of his Republican opponent, talk show host **Barry Farber**, but also of Cuomo. Reason: if Cuomo loses the Democratic bid he will try to get the Liberal Party nomination, which Goodman also hankers after. Farber already has the Conservative Party nod.

■ Bad news for Rhodesia: **Joshua Nkomo**, head of the black Rhodesian guerrilla Patriotic Front, was in Havana last week, conferring with **Fidel Castro**, who has troops scattered about Africa. . . . President **Nyerere** of Tanzania was in Washington talking to President Carter, presumably at least in part about the Rhodesian nettle. **Evans & Novak** have pointed out that there languish in Nyerere's jails over 3,000 political prisoners—far more than in South Africa. . . . A Cairo magazine reports that **Cuban soldiers** fought alongside Libyan troops in the recent Egyptian-Libyan border clashes. . . . In Europe, **Santiago Carrillo**, the Spanish Communist leader now on the Kremlin's blacklist, was invited to Rumania by President **Nicolai Ceausescu** in a nose-thumbing operation at **Brezhnev** & Co. . . . The **Soviet hijacker** sentenced to four years in prison in Sweden did not seem unduly dampened by that sentence. "I will be happier imprisoned in Sweden than free in the Soviet Union," he told the judge.

■ BUREAUCRATESE: Illegal aliens are now referred to in Washington as "**undocumented workers**." . . . Cocktail time at a meeting of Indiana Prosecuting Attorneys appeared on the program as "**Jurisprudential Therapy Hour**." . . . And the Consumer Product Safety Commission recommends "experienced repairmen for complicated adjustments and repairs" to **skateboard addicts**.

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THE WEEK

■ Equatorial Guinea, on the west coast of Africa, gained independence from Spain in 1968. At the time the population was about 400,000; today it is about 250,000. About 100,000 have fled the country, and the rest have been killed by Francisco Macias Nguema and his Red Guard-like Youth March for Macias. The dead include political and tribal opponents and their families. One opposition leader died of gangrene after his eyes were gouged out. Communications with the outside world have been cut off. Even fishing is banned, in order to stanch the refugee flow. There are two doctors left in the entire country. The economy is threadbare, sustained by forced labor on plantations and in phosphate mines. Civil liberties are of course extinct. The official youth gangs roam about, killing, pillaging, and raping at will. Macias has named himself president for life, and has decreed that his praises be incorporated in the country's Masses, though he himself is an atheist. Now back to Rhodesia.

■ President Carter may have come out on top of his flare-up with Vernon Jordan of the Urban League. Jordan was probably unwise to press Carter to visit New York's looted sections right now; unwise, because the looting did much to convince white Americans that poor urban blacks are not as badly off, or as deserving of sympathy and assistance, as the Vernon Jordans keep insisting. Mr. Carter won the Presidency by the skin of his shiny teeth, and owed his margin of victory to the small but overwhelmingly Democratic black vote. If he has nowhere to go but down with his black supporters, they have practically nowhere else to go anyway. In telling them that he approves their cause in principle even as he shoves them 'way down the old totem pole of real priorities, he probably hit just the right note with the majority of voters.

■ Secretary of Commerce Juanita Kreps suggested only the other day that an especially ingenious way of heading off the impending bankruptcy of the Social Security system would be to defer, from 65 to 68, the age at which so-called beneficiaries can collect full benefits. This scheme would accord very nicely, she said, smiling brightly, with recently aired proposals to abolish mandatory retirement at 65. Although Madame Secretary delicately refrained from being explicit, the fact is that millions of Americans shove off annually for the far banks of the River Styx at around age 68, so that under the new reform there would be plenty fewer sexagenarians to make their croaking demands upon the Social Security jackpot. In other words: those who make it to three score and eight will be suitably rewarded for their tenacity by a benevolent government, while those who do not will have gone to their last reward—the ultimate security that not even bureaucrats can breach. Actually, it's a good idea, in the sense that it's better than bankrupting Social Security, which is where other planners have been taking us.

■ DEMOCRATS NO LIKEE: At committee hearings on President Carter's instant registration law, two Republican congressmen, Steve Symms and Bob Dornan, arrived with seven official-looking mail-order ID cards—made out in the names of seven of their Democratic colleagues. The exercise, designed to show how easy it would be to forge instant registration documents, brought forth expletives-deleted from committee chairman Frank Thompson (D., N.J.). But it may have been effective. Speaker Tip O'Neill, who doubts he has the votes to push through instant registration, has put off floor action on it until after Labor Day—and maybe forever.

■ Senator Moynihan's recent position paper on the decline of New York (see "On the Right," *NR*, July 22 and August 5) called that decline the "direct and palpable consequence of the policies of the Federal Government. . . . There is no way to avoid the proposition that New York's troubles became severe only when the great upsurge in federal spending occurred in the late 1960s and early 1970s." One who took issue with all that was his predecessor, James L. Buckley, who pointed out that Washington had no part in a) raising New York's welfare benefits in the Fifties, thereby congesting the city with poor immigrants; b) imposing rent-control laws, savaging apartment values and consequently the tax base; c) gold-plating city services, pioneering moral-obligation debt financing, or raising tax levels to 50 per cent above those of adjacent (and competing) regions; d) raising municipal employee pensions and fringe benefits by a billion dollars per year; e) clipping one of six manufacturing jobs from 1950 to 1964. The Senator retorted good-naturedly in a telegram: "Your tirade is outrageously logical and you may be certain a non-

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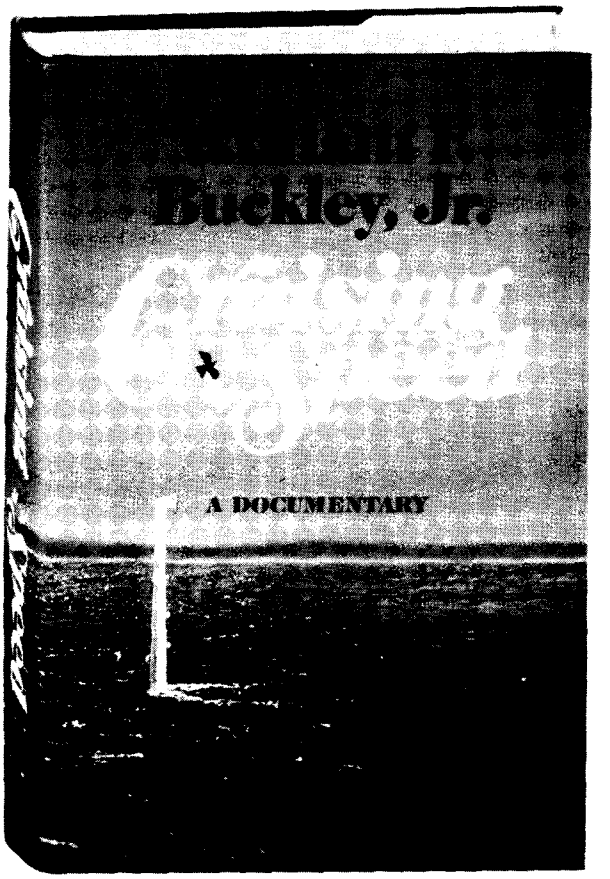

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Coherent estimates of the significance of Jimmy Carter's White House reorganization are hard to come by here. There's a good deal of talk about who lost, the biggest loser apparently being Bert Lance, whose overgrown Office of Management and Budget staff was sharply trimmed. And there's also a bit of tittering over Mrs. Carter's adamant refusal to allow her husband's personnel pruners to cut her personal staff down to size. (She finally let them have a calligrapher and one junior staffer.)

Personalities aside, however, there is little agreement about what the reorganization means. Some useless offices have been closed down. Other operations—most notably the domestic policymaking apparatus—have been streamlined. And on paper, the size of the personnel reduction, which was the primary announced purpose of the reorganization, is not unimpressive. But the problem is that the figures—down from 485 to 351 positions in the White House, and from 1,712 to 1,459 in the Executive Office of the President—may mean nothing at all in terms of real staff size.

No one has yet actually walked through the White House and the Old Executive Office Building counting heads. But the general impression is that those offices are just as full as ever—and perhaps even fuller. There is no doubt that authorized staff slots are being abolished. But they will be replaced, many here believe, by positions for "detailed" men.

Detailing is an old practice which reached its peak in the Johnson Administration. All recent Presidents have been sensitive to charges of White House bloat, and all routinely promise reductions, as did Johnson. What each has ended by doing, however, is adding another layer to the bloat. But the beauty of detailing, as perfected by LBJ, was that it allowed the White House to appear to shed pounds while in fact it continued to grow more happily corpulent.

The practice works this way. The White House wants to add someone to the staff, but there's no authorized slot. So the person goes on the payroll of one of the departments or agencies. Frequently, however, he never sees the inside of the operation employing him. Instead, he is officially "detailed" to the White House for what is theoretically temporary duty, and sets up his permanent office in the White House compound. The detailed man fills no authorized slot on the organizational chart, and his name never appears on lists of White House employees.

At times the results can be amusing. At the beginning of the Nixon Administration, for instance, when the practice still flourished, one high-level permanent staffer in Herb Klein's White House press office was officially employed by the Post Office department as an information officer. This was during a period of great postal worker unrest, and in resulting job actions this staffer received three substantial pay raises in one year, pushing him well above the White House salary scale.

Soon after the Nixonites took hold, however, wholesale detailing came to an abrupt end, primarily because those two prime villains of the Watergate piece, Haldeman and Ehrlichman, decided it just wasn't honest. People who were in fact White House employees were put on the White House payroll, and the White House staff, although no larger than LBJ's, seemed to have ballooned overnight.

Under Nixon, people from the executive branch still came to the White House on temporary loan, especially toward the end, when the Administration needed all the help it could get. But detailing as a common practice was generally discontinued. Under Carter, however, many believe it is once again becoming a standard method of doing business.

BRIEFS: First a rumor, easily the most fascinating of the season: Jerry Brown is thinking about switching parties and running for the Republican presidential nomination. The rumor may have originated among those newsmen who love to travel to California to eat in San Francisco restaurants and chat with those striking young ladies attracted to the Brown operation. Nevertheless, it makes political sense from a number of angles. Improbable, to be sure. But the rumor continues to circulate. . . . One newsman here, long known as an unabashed Republican partisan, is gleefully asking the following question of his Democratic colleagues these days: "What precisely is the difference between Bo Callaway and Bert Lance?" Thus far, there have been no satisfactory answers. —CATO

sequiturial reply will be forthcoming when you least expect."

■ MEMBERS ONLY DEPT.: For those of you who felt left out back in February when Attorney General Griffin Bell's membership in both the Piedmont Driving and the Capital City Clubs was the controversy of the day, and you didn't belong to either of them, now's your chance. In the Democratic National Committee's recent fund appeal, Jimmy Carter the Populist offers, in wonderful rhetoric of exclusivity, special membership in The President's Club. A small donation will buy you a "membership card," "close contact," and a chance to "join with us," the letter claims. Rumor has it that Andrew Young is charging the Committee with racism for voting 5 to 4 against letting him in.

■ When Andrew Young told a Swiss interviewer that New York's blackout looters looted because they were "hungry," columnist George Will remarked that they must have been thirsty too, since they ransacked liquor stores. As for Young's assertion that the Swiss would have behaved likewise had their lights gone out, Will retorted: "Young flinches from this disturbing fact: unlike Switzerland, the United States has within its urban population many people who lack the economic abilities and character traits necessary for life in a free and lawful society." That tore it for Jimmy Breslin, who, in his own column, denounced Will as an avatar of "bigotry" and also, so help us, a "tight white Protestant."

■ On page 938 of this issue, Francis Russell reviews the facts of the Sacco-Vanzetti case with his usual lucidity. This approach, however, is altogether too prosaic for Governor Michael Dukakis, who thinks the important thing is not to determine what happened but to remove

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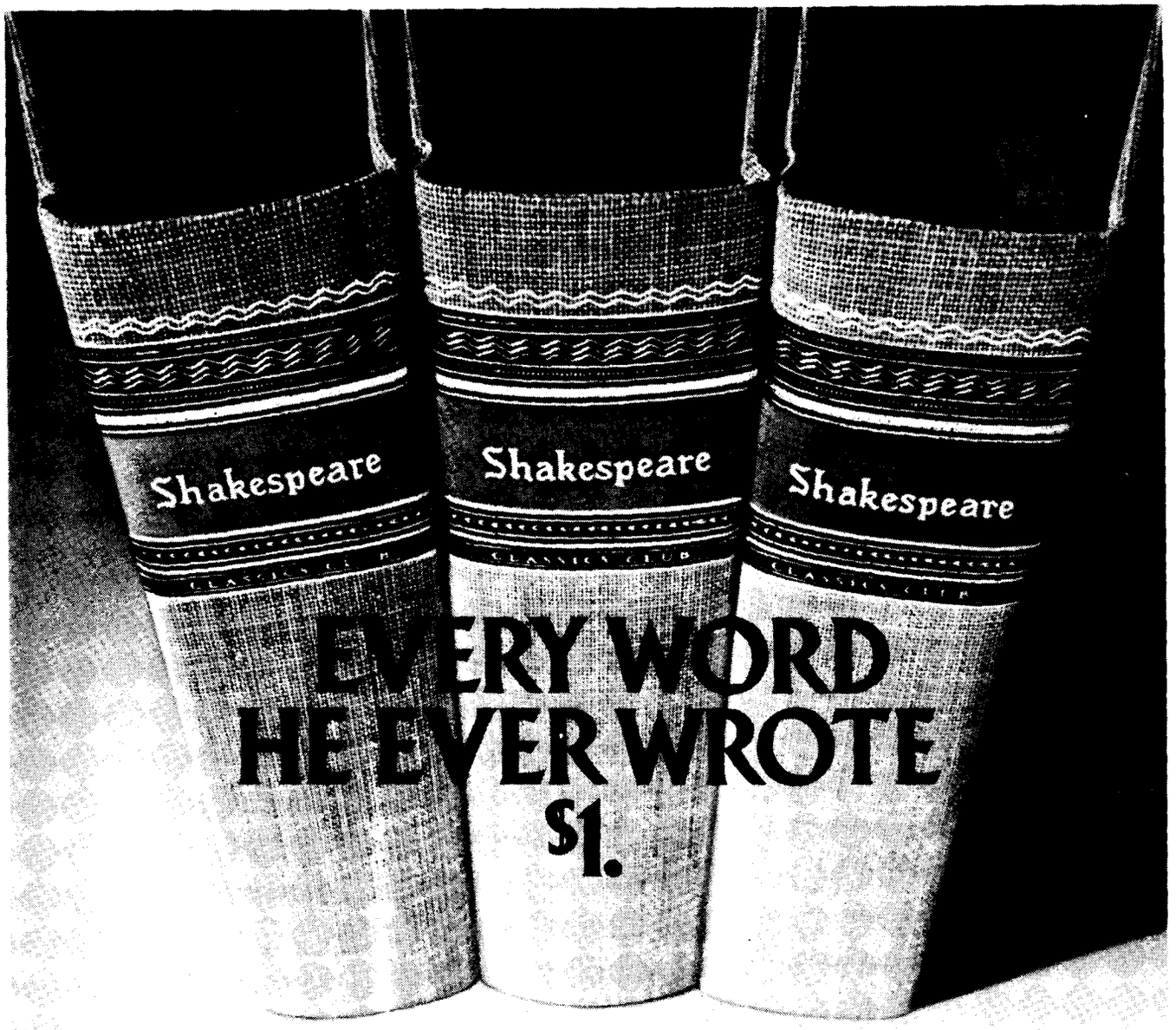

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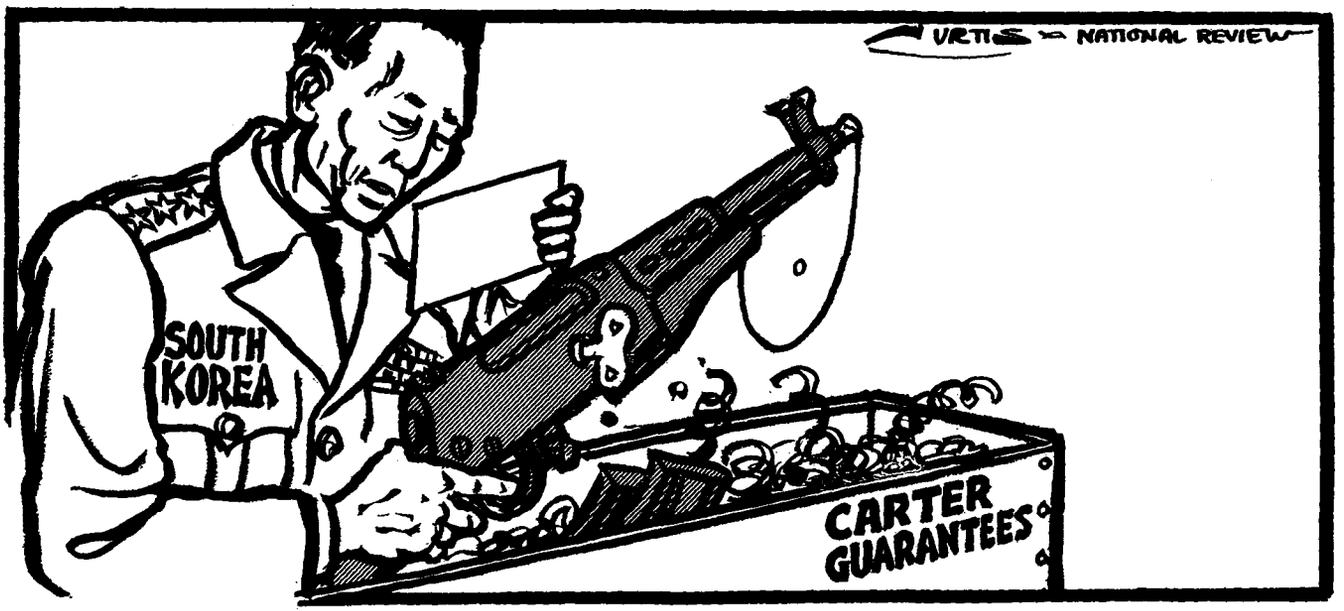

"In event of attack, cross fingers."

the "stigma and disgrace" from the two anarchists' names, wherefore he has proclaimed August 23 Sacco and Vanzetti Memorial Day in Massachusetts. We think he ought to go all the way, and declare the deaths of Parmenter and Berardelli suicides.

■ After the World Bank claimed it would be unable to accept U.S. contributions with strings attached, the Senate Appropriations subcommittee on foreign assistance struck the offending provisions from the bill. They would have barred the Bank from using American funds in loans to Vietnam and six other countries. Representative Bill Young (R., Fla.), minority member of the subcommittee, immediately attacked the World Bank for interfering with the political decisions of Congress. But the World Bank is not under congressional authority, although the U.S. once held 40 per cent of the voting power. The decision of Robert McNamara, President of the World Bank, may be an indication that the World Bank is going the route of the UN, where the U.S. has lost much of its original voting power to Third World nations. If eventually U.S. politics conflict seriously enough with World Bank policies, Congress may decide to withdraw its support. But that is not yet the case, as witness the subcommittee's acquiescence.

■ The situation in Ethiopia is perfectly clear: everyone has a finger in the pie. Somalia, with its Soviet-trained and -equipped army, is backing insurgents in the Ogaden region of Ethiopia, claiming the area as part of Greater Somaliland. The rebels have also received arms from the supposedly pro-Western Saudis, which makes Washington unhappy since the Ethiopian army is using U.S. equipment to quell the insurgency, which seems to be getting the upper hand and which even brought down a UN helicopter recently, according to Abdulahi Hassan Mohamud, Somali leader of the Ogaden insurgency. Meanwhile, "anti-Marxist" forces are challenging Ethiopian authority in the northwest, while the province of Eritrea is carrying on a secessionist war in the northeast —undoubtedly also with outside help. Moscow, which is courting Ethiopia, is also 1) trying to hang on to Somalia and 2) being thrown out of Sudan, Ethiopia's northern neighbor. Okay, class, ready for your quiz on the Ethiopian situation?

■ Fan Yuan-yen, the Communist Chinese air force pilot who recently defected to Nationalist China, is only the most recent in a growing number to describe, first-hand, life on the underside of Mao's revolution. In recent months *Worldview* and *Commentary* have carried articles vividly portraying the misery in the People's Republic, a life far different from that oohed and aahed about by Shirley MacLaine and other groupies of Mao. Fan said that while members of the air force, an elite group in the People's Republic, often got enough to eat, most people did not. "Our mess hall comrades," he said, "would put all the leftovers in several buckets and the kids and old men and women would fight to get a share of it. Sometimes we used the leftovers and some rotten food to feed pigs we raised in our barracks. The children even fought the pigs for the food we knew was unfit for human beings." As happened with Lenin and Stalin's Revolution, the reality of the People's Republic is beginning to replace the propaganda. Our suggestion for last best hope of the latter-day Beatrice Webbs and Shirley MacLaines is the one Communist country where the wall has yet to come down: the People's Paradise of Albania.

■ The Soviet Union sent 89 submarines into the Atlantic Ocean last week, accompanied by Backfire bombers,

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and the aircraft carrier *Kiev*. American and British subs, overwhelmed by the stampede, had to rely on surface ships, aircraft, and electronic sensors to maintain surveillance. Forty of the intruders cruised south of Iceland, where they would be deployed to intercept American troops in the event of fighting in Europe. Meanwhile, in the Mediterranean, Egypt has charged that carrier-based Soviet helicopters jammed Egyptian radio equipment during the recent clashes with Libya. Rehearsal?

■ The Supreme Court has ruled that those expletive-deleted Nixon tapes are public property, but that you can't listen to them because of all those naughty words. Send your contributions to the Nixon-Reems-Flynt defense fund.

■ The *National Geographic*, which had avoided controversial subjects for ninety years, tried awkwardly to swing with the times. Pratfalls followed. Taking Communist politicians at their word, for example, led to a flattering but grossly inaccurate article on Cuba. Now there's a new editor, Gilbert Grovesnor, and the possibility exists that the *National Geographic* will soon be back on its original track of excellence.

■ Professor Edward J. Rozek, the conservative conglomerate of Colorado, is sponsoring an important two-day conference on trade between the United States and the Soviet Union. The auspices of the meeting are the Solzhenitsyn Society for Freedom and Justice, the dates September 9-10 (a Friday and Saturday), the location the Stauffer Inn, Denver. The registration fee is $100. Among the speakers: Allan Brownfeld, syndicated columnist; Wm. F. Buckley Jr., of *NR*; Dr. Ray Cline, former deputy director of the CIA; Miles Costick, expert on trade between the U.S. and the USSR; Congressman Philip Crane; Professor Lev Dobriansky, director of the Institute on Comparative Political and Economic Systems, of Georgetown; Anthony Harrigan, of the U.S. Industrial Council; Dr. Walter Judd; Jay Lovestone; John L. Moore Jr., chairman of the Export-Import Bank; Harold Scott, president of the U.S.-USSR Trade and Economic Council; Efraim Sevela, author and émigré from the Soviet Union; Frank Shakespeare, president of RKO General and former director of USIA; and Sir Robert Thompson, expert strategist and author of *No Exit from Vietnam*. Address inquiries or make reservations through P.O. Box 4654, Boulder, Colorado 80306; telephone 303–492-7542.

■ *II Samuel 5-6*. And King Norman and all the house of World Federalism, yea, four hundred weak, returned to Asheville, N.C., to mark the thirtieth anniversary of the founding, and played before the Idea on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psaltries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals. Tweet, pow, pow. But the thirtieth anniversary of World Federalism came and went, even so, because the rude voice of the Philistine remained strong in the land —the voice of the Philistine, the Frenchman, the Englishman, the Spaniard, the Mexican, the Japanese. And lo, one Uzzah put forth his hand to steady the Ark of World Federalism, and behold . . . nothing happened at all.

■ The University of California at San Diego is offering a course titled "An Introduction to Sand Castle Building." For credit, of course.

■ Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd's response to President Carter's war on gas guzzlers was to switch from a Cadillac (certified federal limousine, 12 mpg city, 18 mpg highway) to a Mercury (non-limousine, 11 mpg city, 16 mpg highway).

■ A drunken worker who fell from a third-story window during the office Christmas party has been awarded $14,040 in workmen's compensation by the Rhode Island state Supreme Court. The Court held that the party was work-related, since it was designed "to create good will between labor and management." Oh well. During the war, they changed the rules in the Army, and VD was listed as a "line of duty" exposure. Why did they get sore at Wayne Hays?

■ It can get pretty expensive when the government invents a cure for which there is no known disease. According to current estimates, the federal swine flu program may ultimately cost $1 billion or more, some eight times the original estimate.

■ GEE, BUT IT'S WONDERFUL OVER THERE. From the *Daily World*, August 3, 1977: "In 1930 [Mikhail Shkunov, a master plumber] went to the Soviet Union's last unemployment office and was given a job as a plumber at the Red Tanner Factory in Moscow. There has been no unemployment in the USSR since then."

Of, by, and for the Regulators

Jimmy Carter is displeased with the American people. Even though he announced last April that the energy crisis was the moral equivalent of war, the troops don't seem very interested in the battle. Why, they're even using and importing more oil than they ever have, which forced our Commander-in-Chief, late in July, to get a little sterner. The "public is not paying attention," he told a group of editors and news directors in a White House interview. "I think voluntary compliance is probably not adequate at all." He was even blunter with those who were second-guessing the battle plan—the National Energy Act of 1977. The deregulation of

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natural gas and oil, favored by the energy industry, would not mean "substantially increased exploration," only "a great windfall to the oil and natural gas companies of our nation." George McGovern couldn't have said it better, and already had.

Whatever grievances Carter has toward the public, he can have no ill will toward his Democratic Congress. Courtesy of the House and Senate, he now has his Department of Energy which, with its payroll of twenty thousand and budget for the coming fiscal year of $10.6 billion, may not be capable of locating a pint more oil but will perform the valuable service of persuading the bureaucrats in Mr. Carter's constituency that he does indeed consider the energy crisis a grave national issue. As for individual congressional heroes, House Majority Leader Tip O'Neill has been outstanding. It was he who packed the Ad Hoc Energy Committee with those who think the solution to the energy crisis lies in Washington. The Committee, with O'Neill's guidance, managed to send the Carter energy package to the full House without any Republican trifling. So quickly was it rammed through, the Committee's GOP minority didn't even have a chance to offer its own energy program.

Democratic power plays and presidential harangues wouldn't be necessary, of course, if the public were not so suspicious of the energy crisis and the Administration's solution. Recent studies show that the public's suspicion is well grounded. One of these, by the government's own Energy Research and Development Administration, so displeased Mr. Carter that he ordered the offending officials back to the drawing board. ERDA came up with estimates that at $2.25, and provided "exotic" sources are brought into production, the nation would soon be glutted with natural gas. At the annual meeting of the American Physical Society last April, just a few days after Carter unveiled his energy extravaganza, specialists reported that 70 per cent of the oil that originally filled "depleted" reservoirs was still there—the only thing preventing extraction being government price controls. A report by the Brookings Institution (*Setting National Priorities*) concludes that "given sound pricing policies, there are no grounds for alarm about the world's long-run supply of energy resources." The question then is, Why is Carter so alarmed? Why is he trying to alarm everybody else?

A recent study issued by the Heritage Foundation reports that the Carter package will cost $377.31 billion over the next eight years, which comes to $5,390 for every American family. The program, Heritage says, "will represent the most significant increase in the middle-class tax burden in our nation's history." Although Carter has been coy about what he intends to do with this windfall, it has been suggested that a few billion might go to the sagging Social Security program, welfare could always use a couple of billion, and another billion might help shut up the mayor of New York. Carter and his Democratic Party have an abundance of worthy causes. What he finds so alarming is the thought that he may not get the money to satisfy them.

A Modest Proposal

With boutiques in Bushwick flattened
  And the Harlem shops a mess,
Looters face a bleak tomorrow
  Sifting through the old address.
So I offer this suggestion:
  Where the looting isn't good,
Why not organize some car pools
  To a nearby neighborhood?

W. H. VON DREELE

Light on the Blackout

Reams of nonsense were written about the depredations during the recent New York City blackout, but the black president of a supermarket chain, J. Bruce Llewellyn, and a liberal New York lawyer, Adam Walinsky, made a number of excellent points in a *New York Times* Op-Ed article. Such as:

1. The widely praised "police restraint"—i.e., no one was shot—merely meant that the police and their political administrators are indifferent to destruction in black and Hispanic neighborhoods. Police Commissioner Michael J. Codd stated on TV that "sufficient force," including "deadly force," would have been used if the rioters had tried to move out of the ghetto. What this implies is that the city and state authorities are willing to tolerate any level of destruction as long as the victims are black or Hispanic. Governor Carey made it clear that the National Guard would never be ordered in. It is doubtful that official behavior has ever in U.S. history been so irresponsible and deeply corrupt. Mayor Beame actually had the chutzpah to demand emergency aid from Washington.

2. The non-response of government meant that a generation of minority small business development has been largely wrecked. This development has taken place at vast federal expense and great individual effort. The failure of the authorities to preserve order means that minority entrepreneurs will now find it much more difficult to get started—insurance rates will go up, capital will be harder to come by.

3. "As always, there will be welfare and food stamps for blacks and Hispanics who do nothing. For the vast majority who work, for those who try to join the American parade, there is only indifference and a queer sort of distaste."

4. Hold on to that phrase, "a queer sort of distaste." In their admirable analysis, Llewellyn and Walinsky do not make the following connection, but their empirical

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observation is competely illuminated by the following sentence which appears elsewhere in their article: "The billions spent by government since 1965 have created jobs, not for the needy poor but for bureaucrats and what Herman Badillo calls 'poverticians.' " The distaste is not "queer." The bureaucrats, poverticians, and liberal politicians have a conflict of interest with minority businessmen and property owners.

New Weapons II

A recent *NR* editorial ("Carter and the New Weapons," Aug. 5) discussed the implications, very favorable, of three dramatic new developments: the cruise missile, the neutron bomb, and the MX mobile ICBM. Important as they are, these three developments represent only the beginning of the story. Technology is now crossing the threshold into an entirely new era of military capability. Again, the news is good for the advanced nations of the West, bad for the much more static Soviets and their stumbling socialist clients.

Historically, military technology advances in quantum jumps, each revolutionizing both strategy and tactics: gunpowder, the breech-loader, the rifle, the machine gun, the tank, the airplane, the missile, the atom bomb, the neutron bomb. Today, major breakthroughs are occurring in three areas, and they will transform the battlefield of the future. Previews were afforded in the use of "smart bombs" with devastating effect in Vietnam in 1972, and in the use of a variety of analogous weapons in the 1973 Yom Kippur war.

The three breakthrough areas are: 1) in accuracy; 2) in the weight/power ratio; and 3) in the development of a variety of sensors linked to advanced communications and computer devices. The cumulative meaning of these three breakthroughs is that virtually any target can be "seen," night or day, and can be hit at short or long range with enormous explosive force.

By the mid-1980s, accuracy will no longer depend upon range, an entirely novel development. A TOW anti-tank missile is accurate at 4,000 yards; a Tomahawk missile at 400 miles; a cruise missile at 2,000 miles. The new array of weapons is guided by lasers, acoustic devices, TV, heat-seekers, and devices that ride down a hostile radar beam and destroy its source.

In the field of explosives, the most revolutionary development, after the neutron bomb, is the fuel-air explosive (FAE). It now exists in the form of a bomb, but an FAE artillery shell is regarded as feasible. The FAE vaporizes fuel over a wide area and then detonates it with extreme concussive effect: 300 pounds of overpressure per square inch. Ten pounds of overpressure per square inch is lethal.

All the implications of this new technology, of course, have not been worked out, but the broad outlines are clear enough. The structure of the fighting unit will be entirely transformed. Mass armies are fading into history. Speed . . . mobility . . . technological sophistication. By the mid-1980s, the Soviets' 42,000 tanks will be useful for May Day parades and for running over freedom fighters. Large expensive weapons (the B-1, the heavy tank, the large aircraft carrier) are on the way out, cheap and mobile weapons are on the way in. At Central Battle Control, women as well as men can operate the computerized guidance system. Military and political power—and therefore the fate of freedom—lie with an exponentially advancing technology. Finally, as at the time of the last quantum breakthrough—the development of the atomic bomb—we can expect the Soviets, more stagnant and increasingly desperate, to place a heavy emphasis upon subversion and espionage.

On Missing the Point

Rutgers sociologist Peter Berger recently had some harsh words for left-leaning intellectuals. "If one central delusion afflicts a large portion of the American intelligentsia, it is the failure to perceive the connection between capitalism and liberty. . . . In the demonology of our intellectuals, there are two distinct sets of ogres, perceived as habitually holding hands—the torturing henchmen of dictatorial regimes and the greedy, exploitative capitalists. Yet the data indicate a rather different empirical relationship. . . . There is not a single democratic regime in the world today that does not have a capitalist economy. To put it differently, there is not a single non-capitalist democracy in the world today. Put differently again, there is not a single socialist country with a democratic form of government. And it is difficult to find a socialist country with a passable record on human rights, including the so-called economic rights of which the Left is so enamored."

Since Professor Berger wrote these words in the *Wall Street Journal*, it is unlikely that many demonologists will read them. His criticisms of detente-minded businessmen, however, were equally trenchant. By dealing with controlled economies, capitalists only blur "the correlation between capitalism and moral decency" which should be their strongest selling point. "Businessmen like to think of themselves as realists. Fair enough. Broadly speaking, compared with college professors, they are. It is not realistic, however, to think that economic processes operate in a socio-cultural vacuum. Every linkage of profits and torture undermines the very moral argument with which, in the end, capitalism will have to defend itself." Rope, anyone?

Unrealpolitik

Edward Luttwak, political scientist and China-watcher, has written an Op-Ed piece in the *New York Times* on

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the new moves in the normalization gambit. Just as Carter's China specialists were losing their initial enthusiasm for "normalization," says Luttwak, they started feeling the pressure from, of all people, hardliners on relations with the Soviet Union who say "that we must 'activate' our China connection in order to put pressure on Moscow." The implied threat is that if they are unreasonable on the SALT talks, for example, "we would begin arming Peking with all that our weapons technology has to offer." This strategy has a certain disillusioned appeal, but there are, Luttwak points out, two major flaws in it.

First is the moral question. Luttwak informs us that the Japanese press is now suggesting what many American conservatives have remarked for some time: that our policy is constitutionally racist. "We complain of the brutalities of Moscow's policemen but not of Peking's," and we seem increasingly willing to treat "Taiwan's 17 million people as expendable in a strategic chess game."

Second is the practical one. Realpolitik is best played from a position of strength. If we appear weak to Soviet eyes, we might find ourselves facing a Russian-sponsored North Korean attack upon South Korea: "This would not only punish us directly but it might also outmaneuver our own move, if Peking found itself compelled to compete with Moscow in supporting the North against the South."

Thus the Realpolitikers' point has turned back on them: "The Soviet military divisions on China's border were sent there before we had any ties at all with Peking. They will remain there while we wait for Peking to waive its demands. The Russo-Chinese conflict is territorial, organic, and permanent; abandoning Taiwan to change the nameplate of our liaison office into 'Embassy' will not make that conflict any more useful for us, while prejudicing our repute for constancy all over the world."

Less than Kind

Abortion opponents have leaned too heavily on slippery-slope arguments, predicting, implausibly, that permitting abortion would lead to a host of other forms of legalized murder, all the way up to genocide. The resort to prophecy always makes the skeptical more skeptical—as if those who can't reason convincingly about the present must take refuge in the remote future, whence refutation will take a long time coming. Thus we pooh-pooh the idea that banning *Hustler* will result in the destruction of all liberty, or the notion that discriminating against homosexuals will produce pogroms against Jews. It should suffice that abortion is evil in itself: to point to hypothetical future ills is to distract from and weaken the sense of the immediate horror.

Now, however, some news from Canada seems to back up what not so long ago seemed a hysterical prediction. Here is the lead sentence from the *New York Times* report: "The Anglican Synod of Canada has been asked to consider endorsing the termination of life at birth for severely retarded infants, as well as the withdrawal of life support for the terminally ill." (Even the euphemism for killing current among pro-abortionists—"termination of life"—shows up in the clinically "objective" story.) The suggestion emanates from a committee of 11 distinguished Anglicans, including doctors, lawyers, and theologians. Their reasons are unimpeachably high-minded—"quality of life," and so forth. As for "human vegetables," the committee observes that "our senses and emotions lead us into the grave mistake of treating human-looking shapes as though they were human, although they lack the least vestige of human behavior and intellect."

These contemptuous expressions remind one by contrast of such utterances as "For inasmuch as you have done it to one of these, the least of my brethren, you have done it to me," which have hitherto governed not only the churches but the moral sense of the civilized world. We do not predict, but we can well imagine, that a few years from now those who invoke these words for the protection of the newborn will be accused of trying to "impose their religion" on everybody else.

If You Say So, Mr. President

The Urban League is steaming
About your recent reaming
Of Vernon Jordan—he who
Said you're a cinch to see through.
Though I may see some logic
To call him "demagogic,"
I'd never have predicted
You'd do what Tricky Dick did.
(That's what he labeled Wallace,
If that's of any solace.)

W. H. VON DREELE

Devolution at NEH

During his tenure as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, Dr. Ronald Berman sought to bring, and often succeeded in bringing, both intellectual class and scholarly rigor to the operations of that agency. It was not easy. Like any federal agency, the Endowment is subject to unremitting and sometimes corrupt pressures. But Berman persevered, and with a budget hovering in the neighborhood of $100 million, NEH under his stewardship became a force for quality in American intellectual life.

Nominated for a second term by Ford, but blocked on a partisan vote in Senate committee, Berman resigned last January. After several preferred candidates rejected

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Carter's offer, Joseph Duffey accepted, and he now goes before the Senate for confirmation. In all respects, Duffey represents a great falling off in quality.

Whereas Berman was an established scholar, with first-rate credentials and wide publication, Duffey's credentials are singularly unimpressive. He has a PhD from Hartford Seminary and has briefly held a couple of academic posts, but he has spent most of his career on the sawdust trail of unsuccessful partisan politics: head of ADA, losing senatorial candidate in Connecticut, supporter of Gene McCarthy and George McGovern, and (his chief qualification for the NEH post) director of Jimmy Carter's Washington campaign headquarters in 1976.

In his initial pronouncements on the humanities, Duffey has dutifully sounded the notes of his political patrons, Carter and, importantly, Senator Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.). Thus Carter has criticized the NEH as "elitist." (N.B.: Some 47 per cent of the budget under Berman went for popular programs.) Dutifully, Duffey says the NEH should try to reach a "mass audience." Duffey seems to be fond of bromides, such as that we should "re-examine our values."

It is possible that we are in for a pleasant surprise, but the initial omens are certainly not good. The academic community should, at the very least, take alarm at the nomination of this scholarly second-rater and political loser to a post that affects the vital interests of the entire academic world. The National Endowment for the Humanities should not be a rest ranch for defeated Democratic hacks, and if the Carter Administration intends to make it one perhaps we should re-examine the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Francis Gary Powers, R I P

Seventeen years ago, an American U-2 intelligence plane piloted by Gary Powers collided with a Soviet missile 50,000 feet over the Russian city of Sverdlovsk. Last week, a helicopter being flown by Powers for a Los Angeles television station crashed near a San Fernando Little League diamond after running out of fuel. The first crash killed a summit conference; the second killed Powers.

At the time of the U-2 incident, Powers came in for some criticism: he should have destroyed his plane rather than let it fall into Russian hands; he should not have pleaded guilty at the espionage trial the Soviets arranged for him. If Powers behaved confusedly, however, he was only following the example of his employers. Unwilling to admit that it was simply keeping tabs on an enemy, the Eisenhower Administration tried at first to pass the U-2 off as a weather reconnaissance mission. Only when the enemy proceeded to display the wreck as a trophy of war did they confess its real purpose; and so the chance to exchange platitudes with that enemy was postponed, until the next era of good feeling. Powers was fond of describing himself as "a normal guy who did a job," and so he was; it was not his fault if American policymakers, intent on pursuing contradictory goals, made that job enigmatic. It is symbolically frightening that what killed him in Los Angeles was that he ran out of gas.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Having long been a sincere admirer of your intellect and versatility, I think I am entitled to be indignant about a silly and easily avoidable error you made in *Saving the Queen*. See p. 25, para. 2:

". . . sent the three professors each a two-volume set of the Diabelli Variations, played by Leonard Shure . . ."

What on earth . . . ?! Beethoven's "33 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli," i.e., the Diabelli Variations of your reference as it is popularly called, is recorded—whether by your apparent personal friend Shure or by others of higher interpretive level—on two sides of a single 33-rpm recording. There cannot possibly be a "two-volume set" such as you cite. Painful; it suggests that you do not know the work, Beethoven's Op. 120, and nonetheless wish to display familiarity with it. This being so, I am almost inclined to suspect you even in connection with Antigone, which you mention just a few lines further below the spot quoted above.

Unworthy of you, Mr. Buckley.

Best wishes and regards,
Dr. Andor C. Klay
Washington, D.C.

Dear Dr. Klay: Know the Diabelli Variations? I could hum you all 33 of them! Leonard Shure, whose virtuosity compares favorably with your knowledge of music, recorded the Variations in a two-volume set issued by Amvox in 1949 (No. 6360 VLP). The Variations occupied three sides, the fourth was given over to the six variations in F Major, Opus #34. So you know now that Blackford Oakes *never* errs. As for Antigone, she hated her brother Polynices, whence the term antagonistic, which will be the tone of any future answer from me to a letter from you unless you have in the interim done something about your sciolism, which I suspect comes in *more* than 33 variations. Yours cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

So the world-famous egalitarian, John Kenneth Galbraith, would take away your boat (see *Airborne*), had

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he the power. Well. Though I realize that he was being facetious, his policy of "taking from the haves whatever they have," the title of a recent column of yours, if implemented, might just deprive you of your boat, and the rest of us of the things we possess as a result of the unexampled productivity of the capitalistic system that the Professor so deplores.

Herewith a proposal: If Galbraith prevails in public policy, he will—of course—be *primus inter pares*; someone must *lead* us to Utopia, then I propose that conservatives mount a campaign to take from Galbraith whatever he has. A newsletter called "The Galbraith Watch" could be written. We could agitate for 1) An end to his trips to Switzerland (that's right, no Gstaad, Ken); 2) The confiscation of the profits from his books; and 3) An end to his privileged position at Harvard. Just because he has a brilliant mind—however defective—does not entitle him to an elitist position.

This would not be mere vindictiveness on our part. It would be highly instructive for the Professor, and my guess is that he would soon be longing for the days of yore. For some, the road to common sense (read capitalism) is anfractuous and painful, but in Galbraith's case, we could make it painless, and then we would be able to concentrate on his recovery.

Sincerely,
Gordon Hanson
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Mr. Hanson: You could do the job quicker by sticking JKG in my boat and making him sail until he renounces *The Communist Manifesto*. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Now that you have done Mr. Moses the favor of translating a passage from someone else's writing, mayhap you will do the rest of us a favor and translate a sentence of your own (at least, I think you wrote this one; it isn't signed).

Specifically, on page 763, July 8 issue of *NR*: ". . . together with an ethos of transcendence of divisive particularism . . ."

I'm not quite sure what that says, but it sounds a lot like the following passage from the new Soviet constitution: "Exercise by citizens of rights and freedoms must not injure the interests of society and the state, and the rights of other citizens."

Is that what you were trying to say? Or what?

Sincerely,
John S. Carroll
Emlenton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Carroll: Actually, I didn't write that sentence, but I okayed it for publication. Both the author and the editor agree it would have read better as: ". . . together with an ethos that seeks to transcend divisive particularism." Cordially, WFB

"It's street crime, Al. Street crime is keeping the customers home behind locked doors."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was a mere 19-year-old college sophomore the first time I read *Up from Liberalism*. I fell madly for your sarcastic wit and incredible logic.

Recently, I heard you speak at McFarlain Auditorium on the SMU campus in Dallas. I'm a 24-year-old graduate student now, and your wit and logic are no longer enough. Mr. Buckley, I want your body.

Do you fool around?

M———W———
Tipton, Okla.

Dear Miss W———: Mostly in Notes & Asides. Love, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You are one of the leading conservatives in this country, but you wear your hair like a way out liberal hippy. It is nasty looking, unkempt and subtracts tremendously from your appearance. You would be a fairly good looking man if you would get a haircut—not necessarily crew like your brother. If you really are conservative, why don't you make yourself look like one?

With best wishes, Sincerely yours,
Fellow Conservative
Box 1588
Greensboro, N.C.

Dear Fellow Conservative: If I were also good looking, don't you think it would all be just *too* much? Cordially, **—WFB**

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Why Rhodesia?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

IAN SMITH has proved himself a brilliant political tactician. Under his leadership, his government—of a meagerly developed, landlocked country, with exposed borders and relatively small population—has managed to survive for 12 years against the world's opposition. To realize how remarkable his performance has been, think yourself into the situation he has faced since Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965: diplomatic relations broken off by all nations; foreign payments stopped and foreign monetary balances frozen; passports rejected; foreign trade and commerce officially banned; foreign sources of arms officially closed; general economic boycott; continuing political, subversive, and guerrilla attack. Smith's achievement tends to be underrated, or even unnoticed, because he has few of the outward marks we associate with the leader-type: no charisma, at least none that can be felt by outsiders; little personal charm; no eloquence in public discourse; no dramatic sense; no flair for the big gesture. But tactics is as tactics does, and for 12 years Ian Smith has done it. Unfortunately for him and those he has been leading, his tactics have operated within a doomed strategy.

The August 31 election is the prelude to the last act in the bitter drama over which Smith has presided. Since 1970, his party, the Rhodesian Front, has held all fifty of the white seats (there are also 15 black seats) in parliament. At the beginning of July, 12 of the Front's representatives split, and formed the Rhodesian Action Party. Although this left Smith with a still substantial majority, he called an immediate election, presumably with the hope that the dissidents would not have had enough time to set up an effective organization. Smith no doubt figures that by regaining his solid bloc he would be in a more favorable—or less disastrous—position from which to negotiate his capitulation.

The split in the governing class and the rise in net white emigration to over one thousand a month are unmistakable signs that the end is approaching, even though the details of the denouement are not yet clear. Smith recognized this in the speech he made when announcing the election. There was no longer any hope, he said, for development of the country according to the ideals of UDI. There must be a settlement by the end of this year. Those who think otherwise (i.e., the Action Party, with its demand for an unyielding stand) "are completely out of touch with the world they live in" and are "pursuing a suicide course."

What is it about the present government of Rhodesia that has united all the nations of the world in a resolve to destroy it? What can explain this extraordinary situation that has, I believe, no precedent? Let us consider possible explanations:

Choose Your Answer

1. *The Rhodesian government is non-democratic, despotic.* No go. There are more than 150 governments in the world. The majority are less democratic and more despotic than the Rhodesian government but have not been made everyone's enemy. Although under the present Rhodesian government only 5 per cent of the population possesses a considerable degree of democracy, that is of itself enough to put Rhodesia well up on the democratic scale. But even for the remaining 95 per cent of Rhodesians, the level of democracy and of legal rights, slight as it is, is higher than in many other nations—higher, specifically, than in the large majority of nations in Rhodesia's continent as well as in any Communist nation. Furthermore, it is certain that whatever government replaces the Smith government will be less democratic than Smith's.

2. *The Rhodesian government is aggressive, and a threat to peace.* No go; indeed, obviously ridiculous. All aggressive moves in the Rhodesian situation, whether or not justified, have been initiated against, not by, Rhodesia.

3. *The Rhodesian government violates human rights.* No go. It is certainly true that human rights have been in a less than ideal condition in Rhodesia, but this cannot explain why the Rhodesian government has been singled out for destruction. The condition of human rights is not ideal in any nation; in scores of other nations—a sizable majority—human rights have been and are being violated far more widely and more harshly than they have been in Rhodesia.

The Unforgivable

4. *The Rhodesian government is racist.* Still no go. It is in fact racist, but, again, this is not a sufficient explanation. Many other nations—maybe all nations—are in one or another degree and kind racist. Children of mixed marriages as well as the aboriginal Ainu know Japanese racism at first hand; the black Dravidians of southern India know the racism of the lighter skinned northerners; the Asian peoples of Siberia, like the Soviet Jews, know Great Russian racism; and so it goes. Nowhere is racism more pervasive than in Rhodesia's native continent. In Rhodesia itself the Shona-speaking tribes bowed under the racist tyranny of the Ndebele minority before they had ever heard of the white man. Idi Amin's treatment of Uganda's Indian population was more ruthless than Kenyatta's, but the racist drive behind Kenya's anti-Indian moves is plain enough, as it is in the treatment of whites in most of the black-ruled countries. No one even bothers to remember the ferocious racist vengeance visited on the racist Arab rulers of Zanzibar by the racist blacks who overthrew them in 1964.

5. *The Rhodesian government is white racist.* Finally we have located it accurately. Mere racism is no crime; is, rather, a common human impulse, almost as integral as hunger, aggression, and sexual desire. *White racism* is the one unforgivable sin. *Ergo, Rhodesia delenda est.* Who dares say nay when this is proclaimed ex cathedra by the synod of the United Nations? And, as in every crusade, the banner is unfurled: *Death to the Infidel.*

Ian Smith is not, however, the last of the infidels, and it does not seem likely this will be the Last Crusade. It has more the flavor of an appetizer. □

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"$1500 for everything... and that's my final offer!"

How absurd it sounds—a consumer of medical care who's actually concerned about the price!

But while he may be greeted with amazement by the hospital staff, it isn't really *he* who's amazing—it's the rest of

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us, who've been buying health care as if money grew on trees.

The result has been a staggering inflation of the cost of health care and health insurance.[1]

(In 1950, for example, our intrepid bargainer's hospital bill would have run about $15 a day. Today, it'll be close to $175 a day!)

Ætna is working to slow that inflation.

We're going back, claim in hand, to doctors whose charges seem out of line. Ætna did that half a million times last year—and reduced those claims by an average of $50 each.[2]

We're advocating more "same-day surgery;"[3] we're pushing "co-payment," where the actual users of health care pay for a piece of it.[4]

These positions do not always make Ætna popular, but they *do* help make health insurance affordable. Insurance costs *can* be controlled. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

1 "Staggering" is probably too weak a word. The share of the gross national product which goes for health services has virtually doubled in the past 15 years. The Government's share of the national health bill is now $70 billion—a sum second only to national defense.

2 This requires Ætna knowing what the prevailing charges are for every type of medical service in every area of the country, and examining each claim against that standard. Costs vary wildly from city to city. In Philadelphia, $413 is the average surgeon's charge for the removal of a gall bladder; in Manhattan, the same operation averages $813!

3 Many minor operations—as many as 20% of all hospital operations—can properly be performed without the patient staying at the hospital overnight. At the now-prevailing rate of $175 a day, this could mean enormous savings. Ætna also advocates peer-group review by doctors of cases of improper hospitalization—again, to prevent misuse of hospital facilities.

4 "Co-payment" reduces premiums; it also gives the consumer a reason to *care* about health costs, and to demand reasonable ones. Today, frankly, too many consumers of health care have too little stake in controlling costs.

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LIFE & CASUALTY

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COVER STORY

The End of the Myth

SACCO AND VANZETTI FIFTY YEARS LATER

FRANCIS RUSSELL

FIFTY YEARS AGO, on August 23, Sacco and Vanzetti were executed in the Charlestown State Prison. Their at first obscure case developed in time to an American Dreyfus affair, world-echoing in its effects. Stalin in 1927 called it the most important event since the October Revolution. This present anniversary has again stirred the old embers that have smouldered for half a century, occasionally flaring up, then dimming, but never wholly dying out. After a period of quiescence, in which the six bulky volumes of the trial record were for the most part relegated to deposit libraries, attention and interest revived in 1959 when a public hearing was held in Boston's State House on a legislative resolution for a posthumous pardon for Sacco and Vanzetti (a demand which is again being made nationally now). Although the Massachusetts legislators rejected the resolution, the hearing was dominated by Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers. Since then no year has passed without some repercussion from the case.

In 1960, a year after the Boston hearing, Reginald Rose presented his two-part television melodrama in which he showed two almost angelic anarchists betrayed by the satanic reactionaries of Massachusetts. Rose's play was adapted for West German television by Peter von Zahn, who also compiled a similarly oriented documentary. Subsequently a play with the same conclusions, sponsored by Group W of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, was presented on Broadway and simultaneously televised. In the Sixties Marc Blitzstein went to Italy on a Guggenheim Fellowship to compose an opera on the theme of Sacco and Vanzetti, which had been commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera Company.* In 1952 a fictional autobiography of Vanzetti was published in East Berlin by the East German Military Publishers. Three years later I saw Sacco-Vanzetti posters for sale in Leningrad. A Soviet destroyer is named the *Vanzetti*; there is a Sacco-Vanzetti Street in Tula; and somewhere in the Soviet Union a pencil factory turns out Sacco-Vanzetti pencils. In Italy in the Sixties a play about Sacco and Vanzetti was produced, and an edition of Vanzetti's letters published.

In 1967 the Italian relatives of Sacco and Vanzetti brought an unsuccessful libel suit in Milan against the German science-writer Jürgen Thorwald who, in his *Century of the Detective*, had suggested that in the light of later ballistics tests the two men should be considered guilty. The same month marked the dedication of Ben Shahn's 60 × 12-foot Sacco-Vanzetti outdoor mosaic on the campus of Syracuse University. In 1969 the last surviving defense lawyer, Herbert Ehrmann, elaborated the whole defense position in *The Case That Will Not Die*, really a padded lawyer's brief.

Following the German television documentary, Italian television prepared its own, oddly enough more balanced, version. Then in 1971 Giuliano Montaldo presented his romanticized film, untroubled by facts, in which Sacco and Vanzetti once more appear as gentle philosophical anarchists done to death by the vicious and corrupt forces of reaction. This film, in various language adaptations, has been shown throughout the world, indoctrinating a newer generation in the old Sacco-Vanzetti myth of innocence betrayed.

A fortnight ago, Massachusetts' Governor Michael Dukakis declared August 23, 1977 to be "Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti Memorial Day," explaining that although he took no stand on their guilt he desired to remove "the stigma and disgrace" from their names.

YET WITHIN the last two decades the champions of Sacco and Vanzetti have found themselves forced into an increasingly defensive position by a series of revisionist historians. In 1960 a conservative Boston lawyer, Robert Montgomery, published the first direct challenge to the dogma of innocence with his *Sacco-Vanzetti—The Murder and the Myth*. In his angry defense of the Massachusetts judiciary, Mont-

*Since his death no trace of the manuscript, if it ever existed, has been found.

Mr. Russell is the author of Tragedy in Dedham: The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case.

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gomery could see nothing in the two anarchists but a couple of sleazy criminals. Nevertheless, the facts that he marshaled for the prosecution, the holes that he punched in the various defense alibis, are impressive. After his book appeared, anyone glibly asserting the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti had a formidable obstacle to reckon with. James Rorty—an earlier dogmatist, a Sacco-Vanzetti street demonstrator and poet of the cause—in reviewing the book for *The New Leader*, wrote that it stood like a lion in the path of Sacco-Vanzetti defenders.

Two years later a liberal New York lawyer, James Grossman, made his own independent examination of the trial evidence and the later proceedings. His careful analysis, appearing in *Commentary*, concluded that Sacco and Vanzetti were indeed guilty. *Protest: Sacco and Vanzetti and the Intellectuals*, published in 1965 by the New York history professor David Felix, is another landmark in the re-evaluation of the case. With no axe to grind and no emotional commitments to either side, Felix concerns himself chiefly with the symbol and the dogma in relation to the facts. His conclusion, after a re-examination of all the evidence, is that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty. The trial, he concludes, was reasonably fair; the judge—whatever his other limitations—conducted himself on the bench with propriety; and, in the light of the dubious post-trial evidence produced as exceptions, "the Supreme Court and the Governor had no alternative but to uphold the verdict."

In 1948, G. Louis Joughin could write in *The Legend of Sacco and Vanzetti* that "the literary verdict is unanimously sympathetic to the executed men. Prosecution, judges, and the hostile Massachusetts public majority have not in twenty years found a single literary defender of their position." Yet a quarter of a century later Joughin, in an address to the Italian American Historical Society, admitted that it could never be determined definitely whether or not Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of the murders for which they had been convicted and executed. Retreating to a second line of defense, Joughin now claimed that the chief issue was the fairness of the trial.

Elsewhere I have explained at length why I came to consider the trial fair. But I should like to point out here that the issue of the trial's fairness was not raised until over five years after the trial itself. After the jury had gone out but before it had returned with its verdict, the chief defense counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti, Fred Moore, told the judge that no matter what the jury decided no one could say that the defendants had not had a fair trial. Moore, who had repeatedly clashed with the judge during the trial, was the former general counsel for the IWW. Never would he have made such a statement if he had not believed it. And through the years of subsequent appeals he never once claimed or endorsed the claim that the trial was unfair.

One of his assistant counsels, Jerry McAnarney, who unlike Moore remained connected with the defense until the very end, was even more explicit. "I want to say on behalf of these men and their friends," he told the judge, while awaiting the verdict, "that they have had every opportunity here, every patience, every consideration. I want them to know that we have done as Massachusetts takes pride in doing, granting to any man, however lowly his station, the fullest right to our Massachusetts Commonwealth laws."

This fiftieth anniversary has seen a new flowering of literature on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the book given the most attention so far being Katherine Anne Porter's reminiscences of the climactic summer of 1927. But Miss Porter admits she has read nothing more about the case since those months when she was converted to the belief that the two men were innocent. As a period piece her book has interest, but it is fixed in time, like a fly in amber, and offers no new facts. For Miss Porter was one of those who joined the swell of opinion as the Sacco-Vanzetti case became intellectually chic. Of those literary and academic eminents who flocked to the cause after the appearance of Felix Frankfurter's tendentious article in the Spring 1927 *Atlantic*, Professor David Felix has observed that they "arrived at their belief in innocence and betrayal through a burst of revelation; they began with pure emotion and applied their best intelligence to the proof of it."

Various claims like that of the trial's unfairness do not stand up under impartial inspection. The bullet tests of 1927, repeated in 1961, demonstrate beyond any reasonable (though not unreasonable) doubt that a shell found at the scene of the crime and a bullet taken from a dead guard's body were fired in the Colt automatic found on Sacco when he was arrested. In 1941 Carlo Tresca, who had sent Moore to Boston to organize the Sacco-Vanzetti defense, on several occasions told Max Eastman, Norman Thomas, Isaac Don Levine, John Roche, and others that Sacco was guilty but Vanzetti was not. Since Tresca said this 14 years after the executions and appeared angry in the telling, since he had never hinted at such an admission before even to his own daughter, one has to assume that some recent knowledge had come to him that incontrovertibly proved Sacco's guilt.

Moore, who had repeatedly clashed with the judge during the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, never once claimed or endorsed the claim that the trial was unfair

Among the more insistent claims made by Sacco-Vanzetti defenders has been that the Department of Justice's Bureau of Investigation (it did not officially become the Federal Bureau of Investigation until 1935) cooperated in the arrest and prosecution of Sacco and Vanzetti because they were radicals. There was, the defenders claimed, evidence secreted in the Bureau's files that would have established their innocence, but both the Bureau and the prosecution were ready to go to any lengths of fraud and deceit to get rid of two troublesome radicals. Five years after the trial, the Boston lawyer William Thompson, who had replaced Moore in the last stages of the case, filed a number of affidavits in a supplementary motion for a new trial. Among these were affidavits from two former Boston agents of the Bureau of Investigation, Lawrence Letherman and Fred Weyand.

Weyand stated under oath that before Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested on May 5, 1920, their names were already in the files of the Bureau as radicals to be watched, and that these files would show the date the two Italians first came to the Bureau's attention. He told Thompson that the De-

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partment of Justice wanted to deport Sacco and Vanzetti as anarchists, and that, as the charge was not easy to prove, the Boston agents hoped to secure enough evidence from the trial testimony to have them deported in case they were not convicted of murder. District Attorney Katzmann and Special Agent William West of the Bureau's Boston office cooperated in building up a case against Sacco and Vanzetti. But, Weyand concluded,

> I am also thoroughly convinced, and I believe that it is and always has been the opinion of such Boston agents of the Department of Justice as had any knowledge of the subject, that these men had nothing whatever to do with the South Braintree murders, and that their conviction was the result of cooperation between the Boston agents of the Department of Justice and the District Attorney.

Letherman in his affidavit explained that he had worked for the Federal Government for 36 years, nine years in the railway mail service, 25 years as a Post Office inspector, and three years, beginning in 1921, as head agent of the Bureau of Investigation's Boston office. West, he said, had been the agent under him in charge of the Sacco-Vanzetti matter and had cooperated with the District Attorney before, during, and after the trial. Letherman stated:

> It was the opinion of the agents here that a conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti for murder would be one way of disposing of these two men. It was also the general opinion of such of the agents as had any actual knowledge of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, that Sacco and Vanzetti, although anarchists and agitators, were not highway robbers and had nothing to do with the South Braintree crime. . . . The letters and documents on file in the Boston office would throw a great deal of light upon the preparation of the Sacco-Vanzetti case for trial, and upon the real opinion of the Boston office of the Department of Justice as to the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti of the particular crime with which they were charged.

Although Thompson repeatedly demanded that the files be opened to him, Director J. Edgar Hoover refused to allow him more than a summary, on the grounds that the compete files were a "government secret." Such a summary was released to the press the day before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, but the files themselves remained sealed. Hoover, who in 1924 had been made head of the Bureau, denied and continued to deny all access to any of his files.* Only with the passage of the 1975 Freedom of Information Act were they finally opened for inspection.

The Bureau's folders on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, as it turns out, contain 701 pages, mostly taken up with accounts of Sacco-Vanzetti propaganda and protest meetings both in the United States and abroad. But scattered between propaganda leaflets and repetitious accounts of meetings are memoranda and confidential reports on what the Bureau knew about Sacco and Vanzetti, where the information came from, how it was used, and whether in any way it indicated innocence or guilt. It is now obvious from the files that the Bureau's Boston agents, although they had collected information about a number of Massachusetts anarchists, were not aware of Sacco and Vanzetti before their arrest. The Plymouth fish-peddler and the Milford shoe-worker were in fact too obscure to have come to the Bureau's attention.

In October 1921, in response to worldwide protests against the Sacco-Vanzetti verdict, Hoover—then a subordinate in charge of the Bureau's radical division—requested the Boston office to furnish a complete survey of the case. This seven-page memorandum, prepared by Special Agent West, noted that "the defense committee introduced as a fact, that the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti was due to a 'frame-up' perpetrated by officials of the Department of Justice in common with the authorities and manufacturers of the State of Massachusetts."

In 1926, as the cumbrous process of post-trial appeals neared its end and the execution date for Sacco and Vanzetti became a looming reality, Director Hoover wrote to the head of the Boston Bureau, John Dowd, asking for a summary of all the information in the files about Sacco and Vanzetti, particularly as to when they had come to the Bureau's attention. Dowd replied in an eight-page letter marked PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL:

> Special Agent West, of this office, who at the time was thoroughly conversant with the trend of such matters in this district, never heard of either defendant, either in or out of the anarchist organizations, up to the time of their arrest and never knew such persons existed.

The Bureau, Dowd informed Hoover, had a drawerful of reports of anarchist activities during and after the trial "none of which . . . has any bearing upon the fact at issue between the Commonwealth and the defendants."

Following the Weyand and Letherman affidavits, Hoover asked for further clarification. Dowd replied that a thorough search of the file indexes showed no reference to Sacco and Vanzetti before the date of their arrest, "with the possible exception of a small card bearing the name of Bartolomeo Vanzetti which was found long after the arrest of this defendant in a lot of rubbish in the office and is presumed to have been a card taken in some anarchist raid back in 1918."

Hoover again sent West back to the files, and again West reported that there was "nothing in the files that would shed any light upon the guilt or innocence of the defendants"

West, Dowd wrote, was not in communication with District Attorney Katzmann during the trial. His one later conference with the District Attorney was to arrange for an informer to be placed in the jail with Sacco in the hope of picking up some clue about the Wall Street bomb explosion. Weyand's claim of an understanding between the District Attorney and the Department of Justice was false. At his conference with West, Dowd explained, Katzmann had merely asked if there had been any sudden increase in the bank balance of the Italian Workers Defense League that might account for the $15,000 stolen at South Braintree. The New York office reported that there had been none.

Further than this, the only communication appearing in the

*When I wrote Mr. Hoover several years ago asking permission to inspect the Sacco-Vanzetti files, I received the stock answer that the FBI files were not available for public inspection.

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Boston office in reference to the Sacco-Vanzetti case either from or to the District Attorney is a letter from Special Agent in Charge Hanrahan to Frederick G Katzmann enclosing translations of articles appearing in radical publications at that time, and a letter from Mr. Katzmann thanking him for the same.

As for Letherman, he had sworn that as a postal inspector he had cooperated with Department of Justice agents in various matters, including the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But Dowd pointed out that Letherman had left the postal service in 1911, nine years before the case began. After indicating other discrepancies and fabrications in Letherman's affidavit, Dowd took up the charge that the Bureau's Boston agents were of the opinion that convicting Sacco and Vanzetti for murder would be an acceptable way of disposing of them:

> This statement is a most vicious one and can only be characterized as a figment of imagination, or else that of a displeased former employee stooping to this in order to appease his wrath against the Department as a whole. . . . [Sacco and Vanzetti] were apparently unknown to this office up to the time of their arrest. . . . [The office] never communicated with the presiding justice or any member of the jury, never interviewed any witness in relation to the case, never assisted the county prosecuting attorney to prepare the case, and never had anything to do with the defendants, other than an investigation of so-called radical activities on their behalf which arose after their arrest.

Letherman had been appointed to the Bureau by his old crony William J. Burns, who had been made head of the Bureau of Investigation by *his* crony, Harding's Attorney General, Harry Daugherty. In March of 1922, Burns made him head of the Boston office. An elderly alcoholic who had once been a drug addict, Letherman even at his best was indolent. In the shake-up following Daugherty's forced resignation in 1924, Letherman's removal was recommended because of "neglect of duty, failure to maintain discipline and to properly supervise the work of his division." His confidential report concluded that he was "suffering from senile dementia caused by old age and debauchery."

Weyand had begun his career in 1917 as an informer for the Bureau. In February of 1919 he was made a special agent of the Boston office. Although he had, that same year, defrauded his creditors in a bankruptcy proceeding, he continued in the Bureau. While an agent he became engaged in smuggling liquor to bootleggers. In spite of rumors of his illegal activities, Letherman protected him. Often the two held drinking bouts in Letherman's office. Not only was Weyand negligent in making investigations, but he deliberately falsified his reports.

Hoover, on becoming director of the Bureau of Investigation, made a clean sweep of unqualified and incompetent political appointees. Among the agents dismissed in his initial purge were Weyand and Letherman. Trading on the resentments of these disgraced and disgruntled men, Thompson persuaded them to make the affidavits that he himself shaped and formed.

After Thompson's demand for access to the files, Hoover asked Dowd and West to go over them once more. They reported that "there was nothing in the files that in any way reflected on the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti." But the reiterated insistence of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee that some dark secret inimical to the two men was buried in the depths of the Department of Justice continued to plague Director Hoover. In January of the climactic year 1927, he again sent West back to the files, and again West reported that "there is *absolutely nothing* in the files that would shed any light upon the guilt or innocence of the defendants."

SHORTLY BEFORE Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, Hoover ordered the Boston, New York, and Washington Bureau offices to submit detailed reports as to whether there was anything to give any indication of the two men's guilt or innocence or of any collusion in the case between federal and state authorities. He also asked for a list of the file contents. The Washington and New York files contained nothing.

West in Boston expanded his document-search to the wartime files, and there, among a collection of several hundred index cards relating to subscriptions to the anarchist monthly *Cronaca Sovversia* that were uncovered in a demolished barn in Newton, Massachusetts, he found that Sacco and Vanzetti were among the subscribers. Nothing more. He apologized for his lengthy communication but said he considered it necessary

> to bring to the attention of the Bureau every scintilla of evidence or information which might in any way pertain to the innocence or guilt of either or both or which might be in any manner be interpreted to indicate any connection between the federal and state governments in the prosecution of the case.

The Bureau of Investigation, as its released files now clearly demonstrate, knew nothing about Sacco and Vanzetti before their arrest, and neither cooperated nor was asked to cooperate with the Massachusetts prosecutors; nor did its agents concern themselves in any way with a crime they considered outside their jurisdiction.

So, after half a century, the secret of the Department of Justice files on the Sacco-Vanzetti case is shown to be that there was no secret. □

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A STIMULUS PACKAGE?

With the blessing of the Keynsians, Congress has long viewed federal spending programs as the cure for whatever ails the economy. What they should be viewed as are programs for inflation, recession, and more taxes

More Appropriations—More Unemployment

ORRIN G. HATCH

THE ECONOMIC STIMULUS Appropriations Act of 1977 is said to be a stimulus package. But is it? How do we know that it is not the opposite?

What are the assumptions underlying the view that this package is stimulative? I want first to point them out and then to examine each one.

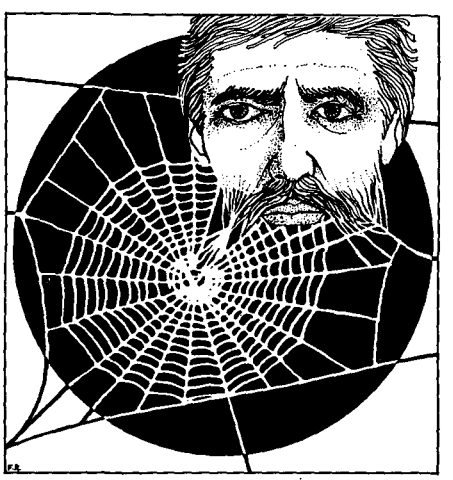
First, there is the assumption of involuntarily idle manpower due to insufficient spending—idle manpower looking in vain for job vacancies. Second, there is the assumption of idle capacity due to insufficient spending—idle factories waiting in vain for customers. Third, there is the assumption of idle money languishing in bank vaults. And fourth, there is the assumption that it is up to the Federal Government to bring the idle manpower, the idle factory capacity, and the idle money together in the production of valuable public programs such as federal paychecks for firemen in Boston and sanitation workers in New York City, new city halls, monuments, and other equally unproductive construction projects everywhere—federal money for everything, in fact, except water projects in the Western states.

One hundred per cent federal funding for local public works projects means that projects will be undertaken simply to get federal money. Many of these will be projects that localities do not value sufficiently to undertake if they must pay any portion of the cost themselves. In other cases—such as the federal paychecks for Boston firemen—federal money is simply substituted for local money to finance jobs that will be there anyway. And there is another substitution effect as well: people employed in the government sector cannot simultaneously be employed in the private sector in the production of the goods and services that make up our real standard of living.

The Whys of Idleness

Let's examine the matter of idle manpower. With more people employed than ever before, and with a higher percentage of the population employed than ever before, we are told that we have idle manpower.

Well, we do. There are some two million people looking for jobs that suit them, instead of suiting themselves to the jobs that are looking for people. There are another million or so young people who are kept from working—and therefore from acquiring job training and job experience—by federal red tape and the minimum wage law. Add another million who prefer the combination of leisure and untaxed unemployment compensation benefits to a paycheck that is shrunken by taxes. Taxes now total about 30 per cent of an average worker's pay and often leave only a small difference between his take-home pay and the local level of unemployment benefits. Add another million because the after-tax rate of return on business investment is not high enough to justify the capital spending that would employ them. If we add up these numbers, we have most of our idle manpower.



This brings us to the matter of idle capacity. Is capacity idle because of insufficient spending or because it is unprofitable to use the capacity regardless of the level of spending? If it is idle because it is unprofitable, then more spending will not necessarily make it any less idle. It could, in fact, result in more idle capacity. Let me explain.

Capacity may be unprofitable because it is outmoded, either in terms of today's cost and price structure or in terms of the latest technology. The rate of return that it generates may not be sufficient to justify its operation. For example, EPA and OSHA regulations and the rapid rise in energy costs have made some existing capacity unprofitable to use. What this means is that we have some idle physical plant that is counted as capacity because it physically exists. However, economically speaking, it does not exist. It is not idle capacity but abandoned capacity. Therefore, we may be closer to full capacity in an economic sense than the capacity-utilization rates show.

If capacity is idle because it is unprofitable, how will spending more make it more profitable? It can do so

Mr. Hatch, a Utah Republican, was elected to the Senate last November, defeating Frank Moss, a three-term Democratic senator.

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only if the increased spending causes an inflation that drives up the price of the products that can be produced by reactivating the idle capacity by more than it drives up the wages and other costs of making the products.

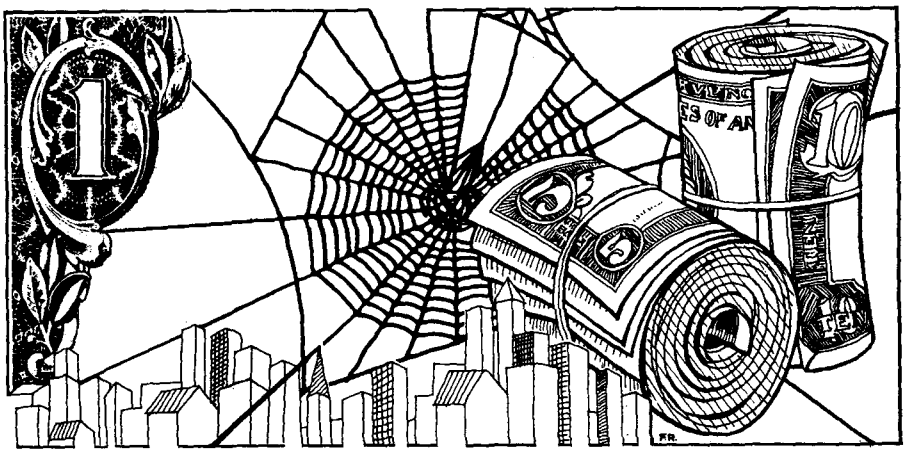
Even if inflation were to work in this way, it has other effects that increase the corporate sector's taxes relative to the corporate sector's profits. U.S. Department of Commerce data clearly indicate that this is what has been happening during the past several years. The inflation has raised the effective tax rate on corporate income above the statutory rate. This is because inflation overstates profits by understating depreciation costs and by causing the firm's accounting practices to register inventory profits erroneously by neglecting the replacement costs of the inventory. The following table shows the consequences of inflation for the effective tax rate on corporate profits.

Year	Inflation Rate (CPI)	Effective Tax Rate*
1968	4.7%	46%
1969	6.1	49
1970	5.5	51
1971	3.4	49
1972	3.4	45
1973	8.8	49
1974	12.2	62
1975	7.0	54
1976	4.8	55

*Tax liability as a percentage of corporate profits with inventory valuation and capital consumption adjustments.

Since inflation raises the effective tax rates, it reduces the profitability of business. Because of illusions generated by its accounting practices and Internal Revenue Service requirements, business does not always perceive this instantly. However, there is no getting around the fact that you cannot generate more business activity by making it less profitable. If inflation made for higher profits, the double-digit inflation of 1974 would have produced prosperity in 1975 and not a sharp recession. We notice today that economic activity has picked up only with the decline in the inflation rate.

As for the matter of idle money, it is not the nature of profit-oriented bankers and businessmen to leave money lying idle. The question is not whether the nation's savings are being



used, but how they are being used. Some $250 billion of the nation's savings have gone into Treasury notes and bills to fund the federal debt that we have produced in the last seven years. That is $250 billion that did not go into expanding the nation's productive capacity. Some of the nation's savings have gone into loans to real estate investment trusts, tax shelters, and tax avoidance projects. And some of the nation's savings have gone into loans to Third World and Communist countries. We have driven the money over there by making it unprofitable for American business to use American savings. The more we spend and inflate and drive up the effective tax rates and pile on higher and higher costs of regulation and pass measures of fiscal vandalism like this so-called Stimulus Appropriations Act, the more our savings will be misused and misallocated.

We have lowered the rate of return to sound businesses, small and large, which would otherwise be seeking to borrow in order to expand. We have increased the tax burden on responsible workers, on potential investors and home-buyers, by inflating their incomes into higher tax brackets, while threatening their jobs with red tape. People are increasingly uncertain of their property rights, and they are cautious about investing in additional property. No wonder banks have taken to lending more to high-risk people. No wonder we are lending more but getting less growth and employment from it. No wonder we are lending abroad instead of helping our country to grow.

It is time to create good lending prospects here in the U.S. by cutting tax rates. Banks will not make unsound loans abroad if they can make profitable loans at home. The way to get the economy moving is to make it profitable to work, hire, and invest by cutting taxes on work, employment, and investment.

It is time for the Congress to stop encouraging Americans to come to Washington for licenses to pick one another's pockets. We should cut tax rates to encourage them to stay at home and use their own resources to solve their own problems. The way we are going, we are making political activity more profitable than economic activity, and soon there will not be anyone left doing the work it takes to keep anyone's pockets filled.

Grip of the Long-Dead

The resources used by the public sector cannot simultaneously be used by the private sector, where production takes place. Government borrowing to increase consumption does not have the same economic effect as business borrowing to increase investment. If we continue to increase the government's claims on resources relative to the private sector's, we will continue to cripple supply. Today, government takes about 40 per cent of the goods and services produced, but produces few, if any, of these goods and services.

John Maynard Keynes said that most politicians are unknowingly in the grip of defunct theories of long-dead economists. Well, most politicians in Washington are in the grip of Keynes's theories of creating employment through deficit spending intended to increase demand. Keynes is a long-dead economist. If Washington does not get free of his grip and focus instead on supply —by making it pay to invest, to hire, and to work—the American economy will be dead too. □

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LETTER FROM PARIS

The Underground Church

MARY MARTINEZ

WHAT WAS REFERRED to as "the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass" until shortly after Vatican II, and what is now usually called "the Eucharist," is the central rite of the Roman Catholic Church. A small but growing body of Catholic "traditionalists" insist that the new Mass, whether in the vernacular or in Latin, has, in its radical departure from tradition, lost the essential sacrifice concept.

On Vatican directives, episcopal conferences the world over have imposed this new rite, or *Novus Ordo*, and forbidden the saying of the old Mass. But the old Mass continues. You can hear it in a room at the Great Eastern Hotel beside London's Liverpool Street Station, in the patio of a salesman and his family in Guadalajara, at the Holiday Inn in Harrisburg, Pa., in an abandoned sawmill in a Swiss village, and at over five hundred unauthorized Mass centers in France, a country where regular Mass attendance fell by 66 per cent in the decade following the Conciliar reforms.

Indeed, France is where the underground Church has finally surfaced. On February 27 some thousand Parisian traditionalists walked quietly into St. Nicolas-du-Chardonnet, a large church in the heart of the Latin Quarter, as a poorly attended *Novus Ordo* celebration was coming to an end. Young men among the invaders removed the new-style ritual table, while the venerable Monsignor François Ducaud-Bourget, assisted by two brilliantly vested priests, faced the high altar and sang a solemn Mass in the ancient rite codified by the Council of Trent.

Masses continued throughout that day and all the days since. At the beginning there were all-night vigils of prayer. Electricity was cut off, and the sight and sound through open doors of a candlelit church full of worshippers brought crowds from all over Paris. During the first days, after activists among the ousted parishioners attempted a comeback, the traditionalists organized a guard corps. In alternating day and night shifts, some forty men, mostly young, volunteered to eat and sleep in the church. A quick poll of the guard at one lunch table revealed three Sorbonne students, a Honeywell computer analyst, a postman, a ceramics designer, a high school teacher, and a middle-aged lavatory attendant at the Folies-Bergère.

Official Church reaction was slow. Cardinal-Archbishop Marty waited two weeks to send the ejected parishioners a message of solidarity. Then he characterized the occupation as an attempt to "suffocate the Gospel," and he wound up rhetorically, "Where the bishop is, there is the Church!" It was not until March 23 that St. Nicolas' curé, Pierre Bellégo, backed by a committee of parishioners and by Cardinal Marty, took the case to court. One week later he was notified of a favorable judgment which would permit him, in ten days' time, to choose a bailiff and proceed to St. Nicolas where, if the traditionalists did not immediately evacuate the premises, armed police would take over the building. During those ten days (April 1 to 10) the court order found its way to the desk of the Minister of the Interior, M. Bonnet, who has held onto it ever since.

The Mass as Concert

The invaders of St. Nicolas-du-Chardonnet know that it is thanks to the French political situation that they have been given a reprieve. With the leftist victories in the last municipal elections and the ruling Center-Right now split between Giscard and Chirac, no member of the government is going to make a move that would alienate a sector of the electorate: they cannot be sure how big a sector it is.

The official Church is no less hesitant. Cardinal Marty admits that the situation is grave. "The occupation of St. Nicolas has set a precedent," he said. "Various groups are waiting for the opportunity to occupy more churches. I know how worried our bishops are. The way we resolve this problem is going to be decisive. Paris is being watched from many parts of the world." The Cardinal concluded by asking his priests to appease the traditionalists by offering a certain number of regular Masses in Latin, Masses to be said, however, according to the new rite. On TV and in an open letter, eighty-year-old Monsignor Ducaud-Bourget replied bitingly: "Do you think, Eminence, that Catholics go to Mass as they do to a concert? To accept your offer we would have to be either dupes or renegades. We prefer to remain Catholics."

The Pope Says No

Thus pressed, Cardinal Marty offered Paris traditionalists a church of their own. Because it is located at a nearly inaccessible point on the new outer boulevard that encircles the city, Monsignor Ducaud-Bourget turned down that offer too. Not that the Vatican would have approved this offer of a church anyway, as is clear from the failure of the mission of Jean Guitton. The distinguished Academician had been appointed mediator by the Paris Tribunal and charged with finding a long-term solution to the worsening problem of the traditionalists. Relying on his friendship with Pope Paul, Guitton traveled to Rome in March, it was reported, to beg him to allow traditional rites a legitimate place within the Church. But the Pope said no, and Guitton made no attempt to hide his disillusionment after his return to Paris.

Meanwhile at St. Nicolas-du-Chardonnet, traditional Masses continue to be said day after day to growing crowds. Sunday collections often top the annual budget of the average parish in France. On May 22, Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre visited the occupied church for the first time. After saying Mass and confirming 150 children according to the pre-Conciliar rite, he came to the main door in his high gold miter and glinting vestments to be cheered long and loud by a crowd that filled the wide Rue Monge and the streets around. □

Mrs. Martínez is NR*'s Rome correspondent.*

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Spain's Future

THAT ELECTIONS were held in Spain at all is a source of deep satisfaction for many Europeans. While the grim Red Rock in the East remains immovable—human rights debates or no human rights debates—there is now one fewer dictatorship in the world.

However, a historian should not be too optimistic about the return to parliamentarianism in Spain, nor about the results of the election. The Cortes, modeled on foreign parliaments, is as highly unpredictable as was the parliament established with the Constitution of Cádiz in 1812. Specifically, there is much in this election to remind one of the 1933 election, whose trend to the Right was replaced two and a half years later by Left domination. No fewer than 28 parties were represented in the 1936 Cortes. (Some years ago I pointed this out to a Spanish friend. "Not 28 parties," he shouted, furiously banging the table, "but 28 million parties—as many parties as there are Spaniards!") This time over a hundred recognized parties competed. Polls taken a few days before the election showed that at least one-third of the voters had not yet made up their minds—which augurs ill for a balanced, moderate, sane Cortes. The election also means that from now on Communist deputies will sit in the Cortes, and Communists will be free to make propaganda.

One can argue that, after all, the two Socialist parties together received many more votes than the Communists, but this is not so heartening either. In 1936, the Communists were a very small party, with 14 members in the Cortes; now they have 19. The Socialists, who, together with the Anarchists, were responsible for most of the pre-civil-war revolutionary activities, are as strong today as they were then.

These are disturbing similarities; of course, there are differences as well. The lack of civic responsibility and the dislike for all government is still apparent, but there is now a king, who has real power, as well as being a unifying figure for the people to look to, and there is the army, more united and coherent than it was in 1936, when the civil war broke out and a considerable minority of the officers sided with the republic. So, if the parliament becomes unworkable—a distinct possibility—there are two safety valves. Further, enormous sociological changes have taken place, changes in the relationships between city and village, man and woman, parent and child, priest and layman. Under Franco, Spain was more fundamentally refashioned than in the preceding hundred years of liberal evolution.

Some encouraging things, too, happened in the election, such as the nearly total defeat of the Christian Democratic Party, led by the ambitious Joaquín Ruiz Jiménez, Franco's erstwhile ambassador to Rome. Jiménez' viewpoint was demonstrated by an incident last year. It began when Solzhenitsyn was invited to appear on Spanish television. He reminded his audience that, if they believed they had been living under a totalitarian tyranny, they should compare their experience with his. He exhorted them to be prudent, to reflect on their actions, adding that, unfortunately, no nation can impart its experience to another. We just will not learn from history, he said, nor from contemporary events in other parts of the globe. (Incidentally, this aperçu holds true even—or especially—for Spain's nearest neighbor, Portugal. "Small people, crazy people, the Portuguese" is a Spanish byword; the Portuguese are the last people from whom the Spaniards would accept a lesson.)

Contra Solzhenitsyn

The reactions from the Spanish press to Solzhenitsyn's speech have now been collected in a truly exciting book by Ricardo Paseyro, a Uruguayan liberal (in the classical sense). Entitled *L'Espagne sur le fil* (*Spain on the Edge*), it was published in Paris a few months ago. In it, Paseyro quotes extensively from Ruiz Jiménez' leftist "Christian" periodical, *Cuadernos para el diálogo*. Jiménez' second-in-command wrote there that he suspected Solzhenitsyn had actually shouted, "Heil Hitler!" but that the interpreter shrewdly did not translate that line. (Any translation needed?) Another of *Cuadernos*' regulars went even further: "It is my firm conviction that, as long as people like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn exist, there will be—and indeed should be—concentration camps. Perhaps they ought to be better guarded to prevent people like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn from escaping before they have acquired a little education. But once the mistake has been made to let them go, what more hygienic measure can the Soviet authorities (whose tastes and criticisms in regard to subversive Russians I frequently share) undertake, than to rid themselves of such a pest?" Nor was Jiménez' paper alone in expressing this sort of sentiment, though it was the most forceful.

Debate by Other Means

At any rate, Spain now has a stage on which its ideological differences can be openly fought out. Whether this is a good thing remains to be seen. Clausewitz said that wars are nothing but the continuation of diplomacy by other means, and it seems that in certain parts of the world civil wars are the continuation of parliamentarianism by other means. Spain has always been loaded with dynamite—the Carlist, the Basque, the Catalan problems—and now, in parliamentary debate, it will be playing with fireworks.

In a way, this dangerous game was forced upon Spain: without elections there could be no membership in the Common Market, in NATO, in a European parliament. This is a curious form of ideological imperialism, and it remains to be seen what sort of fruit it will bear south of the Pyrenees. There the clocks run on different time, and setting them back (to 1936? 1931? 1812?) will not make the Spaniards any happier. As Vauvenargues told us: The usual pretext of those who cause the misfortune of others is that they wish to do them good. □

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Caveat Lector

JOHN LUKACS

Hitler's War
By David Irving
Viking, 926 pp., $17.50

David Irving is a young English amateur historian of considerable industry, principally interested in the history of Germany during the Second World War. He has written useful, well researched, and, on the whole, fair books on the bombing of Dresden, on German atomic bomb research, on the *Luftwaffe*, and on the disaster that befell one particular Allied convoy sailing for Russia in 1942. But over a period of ten years, while he was producing these books, Irving was working on a biography of Hitler. He gathered an enormous mass of material, from which emerged this book of nearly a thousand pages dealing with less than six years of Hitler's life. A deafening silence has followed its publication. I have seen only one review, by Walter Laqueur in the *New York Times Book Review*, most of which consisted of an attack on Irving's earlier record as an author. This alone was sufficient to arouse my interest and predispose me in favor of this book, which I have now read and which, I must now say, is appalling.

Irving set a high goal for himself: to compose a blockbuster, a revisionist work not merely dramatic but of enduring importance; as he himself puts it in his Introduction, with a strangely un-English lack of modesty, a *monumentum aeris*, a monument to an age. The pages of this book are marked by a kind of feverish nervousness, as if the author were spurring himself to something big: but this fretfulness is quite different from the pulsating impatience of genius, and his style is marred by it.

About his sources, too, Irving displays an amateurishness that is surprising, in view of his earlier books. He has pursued tirelessly the survivors of the Third Reich; the names of his interviewees listed in the Introduction run to the hundreds. Yet he fails to consider that personal reminiscence is not necessarily a reliable source. *Hitler's War*, unlike Irving's earlier works, contains hundreds of errors: wrong names, wrong dates, and, what is worse, statements about events, including battles, that did not really take place. These errors, however, are not the result of inadequate research; they are not technical mistakes or oversights. They are the result of the dominant tendency of the author's mind.

Irving's main purpose in this book is to rehabilitate Hitler. He is convinced not only that Hitler was a very able man but that he was morally superior to his opponents. This latter conviction is not an easy one to sustain, to say the least; but then, all of his assiduous composition notwithstanding, Irving does not quite have the courage of his convictions. He refuses to say that Hitler was a great man (as in a certain sense he was, as were Stalin and Genghis Khan). Instead, he goes slyly about his self-appointed task, by denigrating all Hitler's opponents. He hints that just about everyone who opposed Hitler—Englishmen, certain Americans, German generals, it hardly matters who—where villains and dolts and cowards.

In this book Hitler appears as a very complex man, while Churchill seems a blundering simpleton; Hitler could be very careful in his speech, while Churchill was a fatal victim of his "very garrulousness"; Hitler was farsighted, while Churchill was "blinded by hatred"; Hitler was careful about details, while Churchill's rhetoric was marked by his "characteristic attention to accuracy." (Joke.) Speer, who "was planning less for Germany's defense than for his own," betrayed Hitler. So did the German General von Choltitz, who in 1944 had chosen not to destroy Paris: "an arrogant feckless military commander . . . who had allowed the capital to decay into a rotten *Etappenstadt* of draft dodgers, malingerers, and army scroungers." The noble patriots who attempted to overthrow Hitler in 1944 were ambitious fools and villains, who lived in an atmosphere of "moral decay . . . In a Germany bomb-blasted and rationed, these army plotters had lived the easy lives of grand gourmets. In Olbricht's cellars investigators found a thousand bottles of wine. A champagne orgy lasting far into the night had been their reaction to news of Hitler's 'death.'"

And how did Hitler compare to such miserable people? He, according to Irving, refused even to glance at the photos of their execution; he "irritably

Richard Ford *is the author of* A Piece of My Heart. *He is now working on his second novel. . . .* **John Lukacs** *is the author of* The Last European War *and many other books. His latest, entitled* 1945, *will be published next March. . . .* **William Plummer** *is book review editor at* Quest '77 *and an associate editor at* The Paris Review.

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tossed the pictures aside." Indeed, this profoundly compassionate man arranged for "proper monthly subsistence payments to the next-of-kin of the hanged men." About the Jews, half of Hitler's ideas "were unconscious or the result of his own muddled beliefs, but half had been deliberately implanted by trusted advisors like Himmler and Goebbels": Hitler also ordered that Jews should not be deported and liquidated, as in the case of Hungary in July 1944.

The evidence for all these assertions is inadequate: the references are either non-existent or muddled; the names of Hungarian officers, among others, are hopelessly misspelled; errata in names and dates amount to hundreds, and unverifiable and unconvincing assertions to thousands. Here are a few random examples: in September 1939 the Polish army was "optimistically assembled at Posen for an attack on Berlin"; Hitler's invasion of Russia was a preventive measure, since "Stalin had obviously laid immense plans for an offensive into Europe"; in June 1941 "the Vatican also let it be known that it 'welcomed the war' with Russia"; one month before the collapse of the Third Reich, "the tough General Ferdinand Schoerner fought a grim twenty-day defensive battle for the industrial city of Moravian Ostrau (Ostrava) which ended on April 3 in a convincing victory for his Army Group Center"—all of which is complete (or rather incomplete) fantasy.

Yet a clue to Irving's method emerges from his use of language here. One of the rhetorical tricks of ideological advocates is their emphatic use of adjectives and adverbs, which they use not as qualifiers but to carry the main thrust of their sentences. They are rhetorical substitutes for evidence. (The Soviets do this all the time: they will speak of a "well known fact" when the fact is not only far from being well known but not a fact at all.)

And so Hitler, in Irving's breathless prose, "*evidently* made some promise about the Jews" (there is no evidence); Schoerner fought a "*convincing* victory" (it was not a victory, and it convinced no one): the Polish army was "*optimistically* assembled at Posen" (a queer adverb for an English writer, but then the Polish army was not assembled at Posen, nor was it very optimistic); "Stalin had *obviously* laid immense plans for an offensive into Europe" (the very contrary was true: Stalin was so fearful of Hitler that he ordered the Soviet military not to proceed with defensive, let alone offensive measures, since these might have irritated the Germans). This last assertion, for example, appears on page 285 of *Hitler's War*. As in other instances, I looked up the reference to it. There are 18 lines of footnotes relating to this page; they touch on all kinds of matters, and contain all kinds of codes and document numbers. But so far as evidence for the foregoing assertion goes, there is nothing: for Irving, obviously *obviously* will do. Another Irving (Washington) had warned his readers, in *Tales of a Traveler*: "I am always at a loss to know how much to believe of my own stories." This sense of loss, in David Irving's case, is not obviously apparent.

WHY WASTE a long review on such a book? Because behind it lurks an issue which may be particularly relevant for the readership of NATIONAL REVIEW.

That readership will please note that the writer of this review has often been labeled a right-wing revisionist, and that his books, specifically those dealing with the Second World War, have been willfully ignored or, in one instance, treated with contumely by the New York liberal establishment. In the Introduction to *The Last European War*, I wrote that there has been regrettably little revisionist writing done about the Second World War. During the last 15 years reams of profitable nonsense about the origins of the cold war have been written, and published, by partisans of the fashionable Left, but there has been little serious reexamination of the clichés and accepted ideas about the Second World War—a vastly more consequential struggle of which the cold war was but the almost inevitable consequence.

This situation is due partly to the liberals' near-monopoly on the intellectual and academic marketplace, including publishing; partly also to the fact that most of the few scattered revisionist books about the Second World War, published by small and relatively obscure right-wing houses, were single-minded, vitriolic, historically inaccurate, and devoted to a common theme sustained in the spirit of a pamphleteer: the war against Germany was a criminal mistake.

During the Vietnam War, now fortunately past, millions of decent Americans contrasted the melancholy condition of their divided people with their memories of unity of national purpose during the Second World War. Their memories were, however, inaccurate. There *was* a deep-seated division among the American people then—especially during the two years before Pearl Harbor—although it did not always show on the surface.

There were relatively few Americans who had an outright admiration for Hitler and the Third Reich. There were many Americans who had no sympathy for the American support given to Britain and France, let alone Russia, in the war against Hitler. The usual epithet of "isolationist" is imprecise, and it obscures the issue. There have been few consistent isolationists in the history of the United States; their preferences are usually determined by the particular war in question. Most of the so-called isolationists in the 1930s and 1940s did not wish England to win, which is the equivalent of saying that they did not wish Hitler's Germany to lose. Very soon after the war, they became the most vocal, and extreme, partisans of American intervention against Russia.*

Initially, the principal supporters of that remarkable and, on the whole, salutary phenomenon, the American conservative movement, were drawn from these people. They were the mainstay of the early NATIONAL REVIEW. When in the second year of its publica-

*They were the counterparts of those people who, during the same period, passed from extreme interventionism to isolationism: extreme proponents of the destruction of Germany, they objected to any American action opposing Soviet Russia or Communist China.

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tion the magazine—for the simple reason that Nasser's Egypt seemed to be backed by the Soviet Union—supported the English-French-Israeli invasion of the Sinai and Suez, a large portion of its readers canceled their subscriptions. They were people who disliked the British and the French (and the Jews), with a distaste that lay deeper than their—often abstract—super-patriotic version of anti-Communism: their memories and their preferences had been formed before and during the Second World War.

DURING THE NEXT twenty years the composition of the conservative camp, probably including the NATIONAL REVIEW readership, changed subtly but significantly. A new generation had grown up, with few or no memories of the Second World War; others had abandoned some of their earlier obsessions and dislikes. Conservatives earned a certain degree of respectability; their level of discourse rose; they became a recognized and recognizable and responsible and, I hope, increasingly influential element in the evolution of American political and historical thinking. The new generation is also interested in the Second World War, though from a viewpoint different from their fathers'; they find the phenomenon of Hitler fascinating, which indeed it is—whence this article, whose motto is simple: *Caveat lector.*

Should there be a place for isolationists in the conservative movement? I think that there should be, and that this place must include people who, whether young or old, think American involvement in the Second World War may have been a mistake. The caveat, however, is this: a person who supports Hitler's cause was not, is not, and never shall be a true conservative. And this issue is too important to be glossed over: let us leave special pleading and selective indignation to their master practitioners on the Left. An example of such special pleading from the Right is the lead article in the May 1977 *Alternative*, by John Chamberlain, entitled "An Innocent Ensnared: There Was Only One Lindbergh."

Lindbergh was not an innocent, and he was not ensnared. He believed that the war against Hitler's Germany was a mistake; and not only that American intervention in the war would be a mistake, but that American support of France and Britain against the Third Reich was a mistake, because France and Britain should not have opposed Hitler. The same point was forcefully argued by Truman Smith, a former American military attaché to Germany and a close friend of Lindbergh's and of Chamberlain's: Smith admired not only what Hitler's Germany had been able to achieve but much of what the Third Reich had stood for.

But Chamberlain fudges the issue, no less and no more than the liberal tergiversators. "When Churchill warned the British of Hitler's growing power, it was one thing. But when Lindbergh substantiated Churchill, it was quite another." What a travesty of the truth this is! Lindbergh opposed everything Churchill stood for. What Churchill said was that Hitler was arming, and the British had better get ready to fight. What Lindbergh said was that Hitler was so strong that there was no sense in fighting him at all.

Impelled by his own Midwestern and Nordic conception of patriotism, Lindbergh went to Germany; he sought some kind of an understanding between the American democracy and the Third Reich, in which he saw the wave of the future. He was mistaken, but he was honest. Chamberlain writes that Lindbergh went to Germany on "patriotic, pro-democratic, and even pro-Jewish missions . . ."—a statement which is not very honest. Later, Lindbergh "wanted to effect a reconciliation between the Germans and the British, in order to face the bigger menace from the Communist East. The idea was unrealistic, given Hitler's madness, but it was an idea held by such American worthies as Herbert Hoover, Harry Truman, and Bob Taft."

THE IDEA was not unrealistic, it was Hitler's principal idea; Hitler was not mad; and there was an essential difference between these American worthies. When Hitler invaded Russia Truman said: "If we see that Germany is winning we ought to help Russia and if Russia is winning we ought to help Germany . . . although I don't want to see Hitler victorious under any circumstances." Taft said on the same day: "The victory of Communism in the world would be far more dangerous to the United States than the victory of Fascism."

There is a profound difference between these two statements; and, at the risk of alienating my conservative friends, I must say that in this instance in 1941 (as also in others) Harry Truman was right and Bob Taft was wrong. Hitler's victory would have meant, at the very least, his domination of all of

RANDOM NOTES

■ PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST: Ollie Atkins has collected a hundred pictures out of the thousands he took as Nixon's "official" photographer in *The White House Years: Triumph and Tragedy* (Playboy Press, $12.50), organizing them, along with brief, amiable remarks, in chronological order from Nixon's inaugural to his helicopter departure five years later. . . . In *T. E. Lawrence* (Harper & Row, $15), British novelist and Arabic scholar Desmond Stewart cuts through the romantic, white-shrouded figure cultivated by films like *Lawrence of Arabia* to expose the man full of self-hatred and guilt, though the myth is too delicious to be destroyed by cool fact.

■ SEPTEMBER TITLES: In *G. K. Chesterton: Radical Populist* (Harcourt, Brace, $10.95), Margaret Canovan examines one of the more neglected aspects of an unduly neglected writer and thinker. In politics, at least, Chesterton was far from conservative. An agrarian reformer, maybe? . . . The first of the crop of Bicentennial commentary is out: Elizabeth Drew's *American Journal: The Events of 1976* (Random House, $12.95), which concentrates on "the strange and brutal process" of presidential elections. . . . In *Six Men* (Knopf, $8.95), British historian Alistair Cooke describes in memorable prose his perceptions of Chaplin, Edward VIII, Mencken, Adlai Stevenson, Bertrand Russell, and Bogart, a strange but interesting assortment. . . . For the millions who delighted in his *Letters*, E. B. White will soon have out *Essays of E. B. White* (Harper & Row, $12.50), ranging from a piece on New York in the Twenties to a recent report from upstate Maine, White's retreat from New York bedlam. . . . John Le Carré is back in magnificent form with *The Honorable Schoolboy* (Knopf, $10.50), which has all the ingredients of "the ultimate espionage novel." It stars George Smiley (the spy who came in from the cold) on the track of Soviet gold leaked to Hong Kong.

■ John Hersey's new novel, *The Walnut Door* (Knopf, $7.95), will be published on September 26. (See William Plummer's review, in this issue.) Mr. Hersey may well have the novelistic word on the Seventies.

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Europe, with incalculable consequences for the United States. Stalin's victory meant his domination of the eastern portion of Europe, an event with clearly calculable consequences, including the cold war (which, as the excellent editor of *The Alternative* wrote elsewhere in the same issue, has not been a terribly gruesome struggle so far: "over the years our casualties have compared favorably with our highway death toll, and the cost was a bargain").

This writer, like Irving and Lindbergh and Chamberlain and Churchill and Taft and the best as well as the worst of the Germans, regretted and still regrets that the Second World War ended the way it did, in sordidness and tragedy rather than in decent triumph for the democracies. Unlike Irving, and perhaps others of his persuasion, I do not regret that the Third Reich lost the war. I believe that Hitler had it coming to him, and that his present admirers such as Irving have it coming to them still, whence this kick in the ass. *Caveat lector.* □

SWELL LETTERS

An American Romance
By John Casey
Atheneum, 321 pp., $9.95

A DULL GOOD BOOK

RICHARD FORD

This is a dull book, but it's a good one. In fact, the overall impact of reading *An American Romance* can be compared favorably to spending a very long time in the state of Iowa, which is what Casey's characters do through most of the novel—an experience which turns out to be not so unrewarding, if slightly monotonous.

The romance (the word here refers to a courtship) has to do with two more or less unremarkable people who happen onto each other while students in the city of Chicago, she in English, he in business. They do the modern equivalent of falling for one another, even though each of them is neck high in self-conscious reservations founded more than anything else on a valence for self-conscious reservations. But he—Mac—is the strong though silently malleable north woods type, and she—Anya—the ambitious, acerbic, strong-willed, East Coast theater type. When she is invited to Iowa City to direct a communal repertory, he goes with her.

Ensconced in an old barn for a playhouse, Anya begins strong-willing her actors into a first-rate (by local standards) company. Mac finds himself braced by practically everything he sees, and begins hammering scenery, hunting deer, dandling the communal infant, hiring out part-time to the local Swedish farmer—in short, rusticating himself to the near-Biblical *occupation* he always feared he'd never find, but for which he clearly has talent.

Months pass and Casey spends ever so many paragraphs acquainting us with Anya's theories of dramaturgy, and keeping us up on her and Mac's innermost and apparently ceaseless musings on their own and each other's emotional tide tables and their confluence in the state of romance. Casey divides narrative time between Mac's growing and quite often puerile absorption with the Land, the extended Family, and a Jesuitically earnest will to make things work while being all good things to all good people, and Anya's occasionally interesting but usually overlong assessments of herself, her career, Mac, herself *and* Mac, the repertory, Iowa *qua* Iowa, and the Midwest. Casey's method seems to have been: When in doubt, have somebody think something.

In between bouts of thinking, Anya's communal players manage to put on a surprising number of plays in two years, the aesthetics of which Casey, through Anya, likes to declaim; though to his everlasting credit Casey firmly resists any "in-depth" anatomizing of commune life, and keeps his attention on the principals.

The principals themselves grow intermittently bored and fascinated with each other, then fascinated by the boredom and bored by the fascination (we're to understand the winters stretch on out here). Each steers briefly from the other, Mac to his pal's wife, Dulcie (sweet but boring), and Anya to a TV producer from Des Moines, who comes off more like a character in a dirty limerick than in a novel. Meanwhile, Anya shows signs of impatience with America's heartland and simultaneously loses some of her enthusiasm for the company. So she strikes out on a heady plan to film the life of a transient Iowa farm girl and late-arriving commune member whom Anya envisions as a corn-fed facsimile of herself; it isn't clear if we're to agree with that assessment or simply to understand it as Anya's way of bringing everything within her interest under her control.

She indeed brings the movie off, with rep company actors and New York backing, and decides, after what has become the customary amount of serious cogitation, that while Iowa in its rectilinear way is altogether equal to New York ("just another market") New York somehow still seems slightly *more* equal. And the scene at the end puts the problem to Mac, who has plodded his way to a modest victory over what he considers his persona barbarisms (he plays hockey and like to build things and has figured out each is all right in its place) and has simultaneously cultivated a generous respect and doubtless a love for Anya, whom we last see on her way to New York. Mac must decide whether, literally, to follow her, or to take whatever tenuous occupation two years on the farm has brought him. Each has uncertainties but Mac's decision may be an index to what makes this novel a creation of the Seventies and not a more adventurous decade.

If all this seems a little dull, it is. But a book's being dull doesn't mean it can't also be good. There is, in fact, a lot to praise here, the author being, in my opinion, among the most deserving. For Casey is a fine writer with good instinct for the subtexts of the complicated, ego-driven accommodations required between just plain folk. An interesting quality of the book, in fact, is that Casey never succeeds in convincing me that either Mac or Anya is anyone of the slightest interest, or that the situation they wander into, the worry about resolving, contains any of what Keats, referring to Shakespeare, called "innate universality"—beyond that is, the basic boy-meets-girl, which is only half the formula. Yet I couldn

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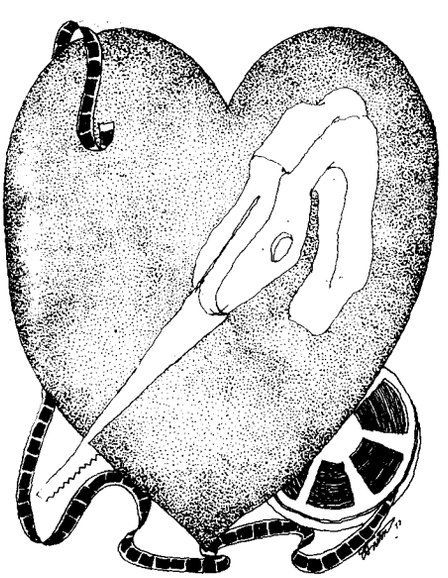
quit reading. For with an often penetrating facility for using the language to articulate the unarticulable, Casey manages to raise his novel above the plodding level of his own characters. This even though Casey's narrative method is devoted, conventionally, to ascribing much of the narrator's intelligence to the characters themselves. When Anya puzzles about her old roommate's allure for men she thinks, "Tassie unconsciously pushed away a lot of the people who approached her by not enticing them. She had a brutal vanity. But Anya had to suppose that the vanity wasn't all that obvious, and that men coming in on a tactile level were taken by surprise."

On the other hand, what prevents me from keeping an interest in the characters sufficient to want to attribute Casey's good sense to *their* intelligence rather than to the narrator's is that the characters on so many other occasions think in grinding clichés, miss the point through paragraphs of puzzling, and persist in tendentiously niggling over behavior in each other which anyone cherishing a moment's peace would be happy to ignore. When Mac, the ex-Cornell hockey player, succeeds at long last in framing his thoughts on the new sexual easements Anya has brought into his life after too much time spent surveying rocks in Labrador, Casey writes —and I suppose Mac must be thought to think—"how physically free he was, letting himself go on the front of her wide elastic body without a fear of hurting her, spurting out a string of seed into her damp flesh, each string a week of pale Labrador nights."

Obviously, I'm attributing what I admire in this book to Casey, and what I don't admire to his constructions. Yet I'm also trying to put my finger on what makes a book full of mostly tedious and irksome people who run off to play Molière in Iowa and communize with a bunch of fictive stock characters as compelling as it seems to be. And I can only conclude, in part, that a lot of it has to do with the good writing and the sharp intelligence that shine through when Casey isn't analyzing everything to the point of absurdity and sometimes doing it badly: "She [Anya] wanted to remove some harder, clear feelings from the sludge of her life and sculpt them." When characters think like that it isn't hard to go elsewhere when bestowing praise.

I'm also impressed with the simple dimensions of Casey's effort, which proposes a genuinely unironic yet unsentimental love story played out in New York, Chicago, Iowa City, and points north of Sault Ste. Marie, and which produces a pretty good facsimile (both for the reader and for the characters) of what it's like to be in love in the middle of winter, and which sets its characters to thinking up serious rationales (*à la* Tocqueville) for why people would inhabit such a place as the Midwest to begin with. Not that they come up with much: it's difficult for them to break loose from all that thinking about their own interior terrains. "But more amazing to Anya was the lack of shadow in Iowa . . . real freedom could be here . . . the real Midwest was blissfully ignorant, the shadow of doubt didn't get darker west of Chicago, it vanished." Right or wrong, though, Casey takes on the Midwest in any number of earnest ways, manages to stay clear of silly ironies, and makes that grand effort—peculiarly American in aspect—still seem worthwhile.

Anya at least seems a much more interesting, if simply a more complicatedly articulate, character than Mac, who, though on occasion sensitive as a leaf, moves like a hod-carrier and gets burdened with all the ideas Casey seems to understand least about, though senses, rightly, he should confront. In his good-scout way, Mac is too often a sounding board and part-time vanity mirror for Anya, who's very busy shucking layers of personality and trying to live up to her pretensions, and interests us—if at all—through sheer dynamism and by making us wonder just what phase of emotional metamorphosis will come next. It is interesting, if not exactly germane, to wonder whether, if this had not been Casey's first novel, he might have conceived these principal materials in such a way as to bind them into one plenipotent character—a female perhaps—rather than leaving them as two who never quite become more than the sum of their ordinary parts. □



The Walnut Door
By John Hersey
Knopf, 240 pp., $7.95

THE FIRST GYRENE

WILLIAM PLUMMER

Where do you go for novelistic word on the Seventies? To Saul Bellow? Hardly. *Humboldt's Gift* is arrested in the Fifties, when old-time Humanism—Mortimer Adler's "Great Books," spiced with Thirties radicalism—still seemed possible. To Bernard Malamud? His latest short fiction indicates that what engrosses him are the problems of advanced middle age, especially when confronted by unhaltered, liberated nubility. Philip Roth, the third member of the firm, seems frozen in his black-humorous tracks.

The black novel, too, has stalled. Ralph Ellison is still promising a sequel to *Invisible Man*. Meanwhile, the guy who once threatened to co-opt the black man's "psychopathic" energies—Norman Mailer—remains quiet on the novelistic front, although irrepressible elsewhere. In any case, neither the schlemiel nor the hipster seems particularly convincing any longer as a cultural archetype.

An especially rarefied group of novelists, which plays in the fields of Vladimir Nabokov and Jorge Luis Borges, continues to work up its "professorial" novels, fictions which muse on the process of concocting fictions even as half-hearted attempts are made to bring off fictions. But Barth, Barthelme, et al., smart as they are, speak to only a small, inbred community of concertedly literary devotees.

There remain, of course, other novelists of consequence—John Hawkes

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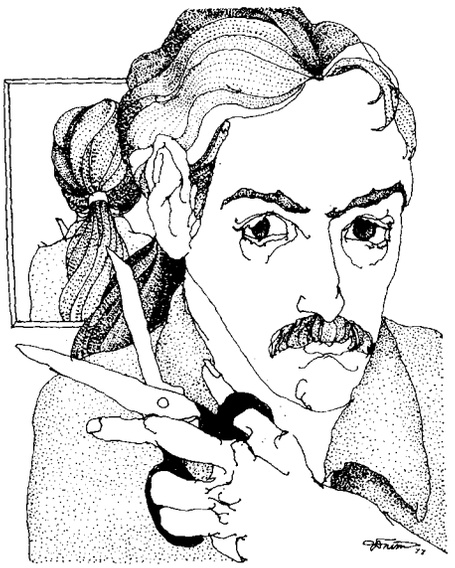
and Jerzy Kosinski, to mention just two who are oblivious to which way the wind blows, who continue to elaborate essentially private nightmares of sex and death. It is of special interest that the world of newsbiz has finally caught up with John Cheever. And there may be something to the sudden, wholesale recognition of his talent. The new novel, *Falconer*, is really not much of a departure for Cheever, although it is set in a prison rather than in the suburbs mapped out first by John O'Hara and detailed more recently by Cheever and his confrère John Updike. The time appears to be ripe for Cheever's vision, especially as it is projected in *Falconer*, where a sensitive but not completely efficient soul, surrounded by self-absorbed feebs, struggles to retain less his sanity than his serenity, works hard at seeing facts for what they are, at keeping his poise in the face of the intimations all around him of entropy, if not Apocalypse.

Which brings me to John Hersey's new novel. Hersey has a habit of being the first gyrene on the beach. Literary quality is almost beside the point. What matters is: When you toss Hersey into the air, where does he land? X marks the spot we're at, or so the theory goes.

The Walnut Door tells the story of two refugees from the decade defined by JFK and Charles Manson. One, Elaine Quinlan, is trying to put Humpty Dumpty together again in the wake of a fractured marriage. She has just moved, and our first business is to join her in sorting through the detritus washed up from the Sixties. The authors in her library are telling: Norbert Wiener, Teilhard de Chardin, Lao-tzu, Bucky Fuller, Lévi-Strauss—the gurus of the decade—are mixed in with tough ladies like Flannery O'Connor, Emily Dickinson, and George Eliot. Yet Elaine is neither flower child nor feminist, but fellow-traveler, as is indicated by such software as her *I Hate to Cook Book*, her *How to Have a Green Thumb without an Aching Back*.

The more marked figure in Hersey's tale is Eddie Macaboy. In his prime Eddie threw paint at Dow Chemical, dropped out of Reed College, owned a microbus air-brushed with Day-Glo. He still wears Earth Shoes, listens to The Who and to Bach by Nathan Milstein. He still sports a ponytail.

But, now, Eddie is a locksmith—perhaps Hersey's best stroke, although



he doesn't appear to get the pun. A locksmith is, of course, a lapsed change on that paradigm of the counterculture, the carpenter. To wit: Eddie is not an agent of elemental, alternative lifestyles; no carpenter he, he is a reactionary, antisocial force. He represents not expansion but contraction, not hope but fear. Indeed, he trades on fear—and with ample reason, given the climate Hersey pencils in. One of Elaine's neighbors turns out to be a minor Mafioso and is rubbed out in her presence by three ski-masked hit men. Elaine herself, sensible girl, takes a job in a munitions plant. Eddie wonders in a rare moment of reflection: "Is the flow irreversible?"

Eddie and Elaine cross paths, of course, and get it on together, natch. But what is of greatest interest is Hersey's sense of where we are—that is, still in the last phase of the Sixties, when Woodstock gave way to the Rolling Stones debacle at Altamont, when the Beatles became fodder for Manson's Helter-Skelter. The note of paranoia rings through the fables for our time written by some of our best writers—Thomas Pynchon, Joan Didion, Joseph Heller. Hersey and Cheever are more upbeat in their exempla. Cheever provides his convict a lovely reprieve by springing him in a fairy-tale ending that would tickle Sylvester Stallone. Hersey cops out in less satisfying fashion. He suggests that the Sixties was simply a period of frivolity and license—a son's ill-considered quarrel with his father. In the end, Eddie cuts his ponytail and, presumably, goes off to raise 2.5 children. □

ON THE SCREEN

AH, BEGORRAH!

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Another six years have passed, and the Disney studios have reissued *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*. It was originally released in 1959, made nobody's list of the year's best, and was all but ignored by the reviewers. Why should it be otherwise? Disney seemed to grind out a dozen kidflicks a year, most of a formulaic sort involving Fred MacMurray and a dog, and nobody could be bothered to trudge out to cover it. An omission I will now endeavor to repair.

I saw *Darby O'Gill* almost by accident a few years ago, when I took my children to see a film that was the other half of the double feature at a drive-in. It was the pleasantest surprise of my movie-going life, so last week I eagerly braved a Greenwich Village dump of a cinema full of restless six-year-olds to see it again, and came out feeling the way you're supposed to feel when you've seen *Rocky* or *Star Wars*; good movies both, but they don't belong in the same ring (or the same solar system) with *Darby*.

THE HERO is one of those endearingly shiftless stage Irishmen who drink too much and work too little; he is notified, having attained advanced years, that he is to be replaced as tenant caretaker of his landlord's estate. Touching, no? No. Stereotypical. Ah, but you haven't seen Albert Sharpe in the role: more about him later. Darby's replacement is one Michael McBride (played by a dashingly handsome Sean Connery), a fine young man who hates to displace the old man and quickly takes a fancy to Darby's daughter Katie (Janet Munro).

Darby's luck changes when he captures King Brian Connors, the five-thousand-year-old king of the leprechauns, who must (albeit grudgingly) grant him three wishes. Darby takes his sweet time about extracting them, and his contests of wits with King Brian make up half the movie, intertwined with the more sublunary plot of Michael, Katie, and the caretaker succession. But even so charming a couple as

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Connery and Munro can't compete with Sharpe and Jimmy O'Dea (who plays King Brian). The two old codgers outsmart each other with an affection that has a nicely cruel edge, like many male friendships; a title like *Darby O'Gill and the Little People* promises—practically vows—a coy, fake-hearty relationship, but Sharpe and O'Dea, aided by a script of crackling eloquence, fight as if they mean it.

Especially Sharpe. How easy it would have been to make Darby a mildly funny stock figure, always sympathetically weak or comically angry. Instead, Darby is fully human (sometimes in the worst sense)—if he lies to his daughter out of mortification at his loss in status, he is not kidding when he threatens to kill the leprechaun king. Setting the cat on a leprechaun may not be the most reprehensible form of murder imaginable, but Sharpe has the subtlety to emphasize the meanness rather than the ludicrousness of the threat. His anger is never exaggerated so as to make the character ridiculous; he knows that the comedy is *there*, and will, if the part is played with conviction, take care of itself. His face is witty and cunning, hilariously mobile because it responds with both amplitude and exactitude—no mugging to charge up weak moments. This is (or was—is he still living?) a wonderful comedian, with the magic to be larger than life without being a mite too broad.

The film has plenty of subsidiary virtues, outstanding among them—here I speak with a little more diffidence—Miss Munro. I am tempted to say that the word "fetching" must have been invented just for her, so pretty and sparky and decent is she, but I am not insensible that another man, of less lofty soul than my own, might find her a wee bit cloying. I would feel obliged to step outside with him if he said it aloud, but I can understand the sentiment, however base. But of course 99 out of 100 will fall in love with her. As for Connery, he sings a little ditty to her, and behaves like a man of honor and spirit (this was after all a pre-Bond movie). The ditty gives the film a catchy theme.

And scene after scene is gorgeous. The Irish countryside, in Technicolor, may look a bit artificial at times, but, *felix culpa*-wise, so does the French countryside in *Henry V*. The special effects are truly eerie in the banshee scenes (and here again Sharpe's vivid reactions help), and captivating in the episode when Darby visits King Brian in his underground palace, where hundreds of leprechauns dance in frenetic joy, then gallop away on tiny white steeds. And the pathos when Katie lies near death—and the satisfaction when Connery belts the bad guy—ah, begorrah, what a hell of a movie!

The six-year-olds didn't like it much; I guess they couldn't cut the brogues, and the bits about landlords and love interested them less than the leprechauns. They made so much noise one could hardly hear a word at times. Notwithstanding, all the grown-ups were enchanted; and I expect we'll all meet again at a later showing, having first lined up baby-sitters. □

DELECTATIONS

THE BIONIC GRANDMOTHER

NIKA HAZELTON

I have just spent two most agreeable months in a hospital, where a handsome, amusing, and kind surgeon, flanked by two most helpful assistants, fixed up a hip in a way that makes the colorful, distant, and uncomfortable lands that I favor for my travels attainable once again. Devoted nurses and therapists, all young, pretty, and extremely capable, catered to my well-being; the room was cheerful, and the food commendable and varied, with choices not usually found in hospitals. I really had a lovely time, thanks to the human kindness, and medical competence, of Faulkner Hospital in Jamaica Plain, Boston.

Last year, this well-established community hospital moved into brand-new quarters equipped with all that is modern, inside and out. Every room is private, meaning that you don't pay extra for the privilege. A blessing to me—as, I would have thought, to everyone. But not so, apparently: I am told that even in sickness many people crave company, which makes them less depressed. The nursing arrangements, too, are different from those in other hospitals I have known: you get total care (washing, medication, whatever you need) from one nurse at a time, rather than having several different nurses.

EVERYTHING ANYBODY does for you, along with messages, is recorded in a fat book that also contains your entire medical history, a report on operations and medicines, and notes on your eating and moods. This interesting opus lies in the vestibule outside each room, so you can read up on yourself if that fascinates you. I prefer to ignore these sordid details of my life, having learnt how at my father's knee. Family life bored him in general, but he felt it his duty to teach me the virtue he found most useful in coping with it: ignoring. He made me ignore at least three things a day, and I found this early training invaluable later on, when I realized that ignoring the contretemps of family life is often the only thing that will save it. (The opposite to this was practiced by a Church of England lawyer friend of mine, who spent some time each day believing the Thirty Nine Articles. He said that learning to believe them helped him enormously in believing what his clients told him—which he had to do, being their lawyer.)

The idea behind Faulkner's approach to food is to give people something different from the usual hamburgers. The choice is wide at all three meals—far wider than in a private room at New York's Columbia Presbyterian, which I had experienced just before Faulkner. You can have veal parmigiana, clam chowder, varied fish dishes, roast beef, salads, and several desserts, and the menu varies daily. Furthermore, the dietitian visits you, and will gratify your special wants: in my case, yoghurt and applesauce, which seem to be the only things that appeal to me after operations. And, in between, all the juices and ice cream in the world. The food that is supposed to be hot is hot, because each floor's kitchens have microwave ovens in which the food that was cooked and refrigerated the day before is heated very thoroughly just before serving.

The contrast between Faulkner and the major New York hospitals that I have experienced, personally or through

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family and friends, is staggering. Faulkner is smallish (250 to 300 beds) and therefore easier to run, but that's not it—the difference is in the approach to the patient. In most New York hospitals the nurses act like paid enemies and the doctors like Aztec gods, forgetting that without the patients they'd be out of work. For the humane understanding at Faulkner (you can sleep late mornings and your doctor will not wake you up on his early rounds: he'll come back later!), for the staff's warmth and cheerfulness and emotional support—I know because I did have some complications—I can never give sufficient thanks.

This stay at Faulkner got me reacquainted with the city of Boston, equally enchanting to my husband and myself. It is no longer the city of Brahmins and Marquand but is lively and up-and-coming, whatever its financial circumstances. Urban renewal has been averted downtown, so that Commonwealth Avenue, Beacon Street, Newbury Street, and the surrounding area are still functioning, though their character is changed: boutiques and restaurants have sprung up, houses have been divided into apartments. Quincy Market, the North End, and the wharfs have lovely indoor and outdoor markets, lots of life in a relaxed yet seemly way. What struck us most was the preponderance of young people, enjoying their city in the way people in San Francisco or Europe do, with outdoor cafés, happenings on the Common, concerts on the bank of the Charles. The new City Hall shows that modern can be pleasing and interesting; it in no way clashes with Faneuil Hall and the old warehouses on the water that are being made into apartment houses. You can still breathe the air, and the streets are clean.

ONE OF THE SIGHTS no one should miss is the new Boston Aquarium on the waterfront. It is extraordinary, consisting mainly of a giant, four-story fish tank. You walk up or down around this tank on a circular stairway, eye to eye with the sharks and the giant turtles. Ah, those turtles, and the affinity I have for them, as they slowly, with immense care, float through the water, flap, flap with their flippers: such a picture of *ordre, luxe, et volupté*. This, besides the other extraordinary sights such as blue, albino, or calico lobsters.

Another strange sight is the glass flowers in Harvard's science museum, across the river in Cambridge. These are blown-glass replicas of botanical specimens—grasses, leaves, and flowers. They are extraordinarily realistic, in most cases hardly distinguishable from the real thing, a wonder of ingenuity which hardly seems possible. They are displayed not as works of art, but as pedagogical props, and must be seen to be believed. As, in its own way, must the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, the Venetian palace, built by an eccentric rich lady, which proves that a wealth of beautiful things can make a hideous whole. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE ARITHMETIC OF LOVE

D. KEITH MANO

My people. Today I present you with D. Keith Mano's easy-to-use-and-oh-so-reliable point system for predicting the success or failure of any male-female relationship.

Attribute	Male	Female
Looks	1-5	1-10
Intelligence	1-7	1-4
Money	1-10	1-5
Success	1-10	1-5
Age (Drops one point per five years from age twenty on up.)	—	8-0
Personality	1-5	1-5

That is to say: in love's free market a super-attractive, intelligent, rich, famous, congenial man of no particular age would score my best-possible 37 points. A super-attractive, intelligent, rich, famous, congenial woman of twenty would also score my best-possible 37. Mano's axiom: any relationship in which male and female are separated by more than three points either way will last, well, maybe one year. Less as your point spread spreads.

Yes, there are intangibles. A woman with 3 attractiveness might remind her man of that cute imprinted-on-the-synapses eight-year-old who pushed his swing bright summers ago. "Love"—indefinable, chemical—rates 10. Apply that to whichever person scores lower. Then reduce the Love factor one point for every three months. After two years my Inertia Component will come into force. The IC (children, clean socks, shared experience, fear of alimony) applies best to husband and wife: give your underdog one credit for every three years.* My point system is as infallible as the Pope. Um, infallible as Pope Paul anyway.

Say you note a gangbusters-beautiful, young, intelligent blonde: her husband is bald, one-toothed, and gassy. Without asking you can figure he has to be worth, say, 18 or 19 points in the money-success department. At random I take a married couple we know. He scores, top to bottom, 2, 4, 4, 3, –, 4 = 17. She runs up a 6, 3, 2, 2, 6, 4 = 23. Give him two points for the IC: 19 to 23: she's unhappy. They'll be divorced unless he can manage to hype his money-success total while her age-attractiveness total slips down. Simple, no? And cruel. And true. Try it.

Right now I'm at a place called VideoDate, where the numbers are high. I've seen five women on videotape and I want them all. WANT! This is a class outfit: not your average church-basement singles club, which usually looks like some ghetto ear-eye-nose-throat outpatient clinic. For $120 you get yourself videotaped in a slick *Today Show* interview situation. Then you can eyeball profiles (with one Polaroid) of available men or women. Having screened out the ones you don't like, you screen the few you do. Nine looks per quarter. "If we allowed unlimited screening," Phil Wexler of VideoDate told me, "they'd say, 'Okay, show me them all.' This way they ask questions. 'Is she over five-foot-three?' 'Where does she live?' Say a guy lives in Manhattan, forget it if he has to haul a date home to Sheepshead Bay." Made your choice? Now he or she gets to film-review your tape. When both agree, Phil will pass out the phone numbers. Fitting enough. In an age when TV defines our sense of modish love, it's only apt that men and women should choose their partners by closed circuit.

*Your initial addition is the crucial one: Love or Inertia Components may raise the inferior party well above my three-point spread: that indicates successful compensation, not imbalance. Remember: Assume the wife's or the husband's POV. A corporate VP may consider himself at least 8 in the success factor. His wife, art-minded, may consider VPness to be worth 4.

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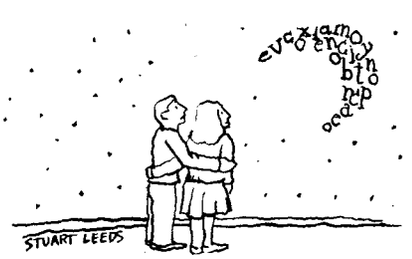
"It's an incredible cross-section, but mostly middle class. Models, actresses, doctors, lawyers: we even have a first mate on a ship, he comes in here when he's in port." Laura. I'm in love. She's pretty: an artist, charmful, articulate. "No one here has trouble finding dates." Then why would Laura need Phil? "Oh, she's tired of the bar scene. Also the pre-selection is convenient." And—this applies particularly to gorgeous women—beauty can be crippling. It scares men off: gee-she's-a-knockout-I'd-never-get-to-first-base. Mano's hint of the fortnight: next time you see a gorgeous woman alone at some cocktail party, go talk to her. I don't know what you look like, but she'll probably be grateful.

"It's not for sex. [I can't keep one eyebrow from going up. Nervous habit of mine.] There is probably a lot of stuff going on, but it has to do with relationships. If they want to get laid, they go to a local bar, but, if they come here and spend the money, they're interested in the relationship. Whether it has to do with marriage or not, I think that's incidental. They're probably a little frightened of marriage. Because there's a big responsibility to go with it. It's a lonely, cold world out there, they just want somebody who cares for them."

AND THE RATIOS. "Below 25 there's like three men to two women. Sometimes even two to one. Between 25 and 35 it tends to even out: one to one. Above 35 it tends to slide over to women being the predominant group. And above 45 it's two women to one man. Above fifty, four women to one man. We can't do very much for the woman who is over 45. Not that we wouldn't like to. It's just that men select women who are anywhere from five to 25 years younger than they are. Believe it or not the women respond. I mean, if a man is very successful and mentions that he has a hunting lodge and his own airplane, and he's interested in you—many, many women will say, 'Well, I'll go along for the ride.' You don't have to go after money, but it's nice to be where it is. And maybe you'll fall in love."

It might sound savage (hell, it is savage) but we're dealing with two commodities here: man and woman. As far as human relationships are concerned: the man will increase in value; the woman will depreciate. (Age is hardly relevant for men. More success opportunities for women would not matter much: successful women discourage men.) Marriage, that inertial bore, exists to protect women. It's the paradigmatic social security. Gloria Steinem and Germaine Greer may be exceptional. For most women, though, as my age factors ticks down from 8, beauty from 10, Lib will mean the inalienable right to loneliness. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

ALFRED STIEGLITZ *and the American Avant-Garde, by William Innes Homer (New York Graphic Society, 335 pp., $17.50).* Stieglitz' place in introducing the European avant-garde to the American public in the years before and after World War I, and in promoting a rather pale reflection of that phenomenon among American artists of the same period, is securely documented in this scholarly book, but no real critique of the avant-garde is offered and the personality of Stieglitz himself remains as enigmatic as ever. To the coterie of American artists he promoted—Marin, Hartley, Dove, O'Keeffe—Stieglitz was a generous patron, though he seems to have discouraged or blocked sales at 291 and An American Place to potential buyers who wouldn't buy his concepts of "purity" and exclusivity. The author fails to make a strong case for Stieglitz the photographer or Stieglitz the creative critic; and Stieglitz the man remains as opaque as ever in the protective cocoon of adulation his disciples have woven about him.

SELDEN RODMAN

HITLER'S CHILDREN: *The Story of the Baader-Meinhof Terrorist Gang, by Jillian Becker (Lippincott, 322 pp., $10).* West Germany's Baader-Meinhof gang was, until its destruction in 1974, a prototypical revolutionary squadron. Largely middle-class in its membership, it was imbued with ban-the-bomb pacifism, pidgin Marxism, and anti-Americanism; nihilistically violent, it indulged itself in irrational posturing against the Western consumer economy and eventually forged an alliance with the international terror network of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Andreas Baader was a simple street hoodlum; Ulrike Meinhof, West Germany's leading female journalist. Their gang—which was fleshed out with middle-class rebels, ex-psychiatric patients, and two or three actual proletarians—robbed banks, planted bombs, engineered kidnappings, and coldly murdered innocent souls in carrying out an open-ended revolution. Jillian Becker, an English journalist, inexplicably ignores the ties the West German terrorist movement had with the international web of violence that was responsible for such outrages as the Vienna OPEC kidnappings and the Entebbe affair, but she has nevertheless drawn fine portraits of the central figures in this free-for-all of murder and pillage. *Hitler's Children* is an extraordinarily compelling look at the terrorist in action and at the forces that led him to play at this deadliest of games.

DAVID PIETRUSZA

MONTY: *A Biography of Montgomery Clift, by Robert LaGuardia (Arbor House, 304 pp., $12.95).* A variant on Gresham's Law pervades the literature about Montgomery Clift. The morbid preoccupation with his decline and death has produced a stream of invective and innuendo that profanes the memory of an extraordinary actor. That memory deserves the sensitive touch of a biographer who understands the value of perspective and who appreciates excellence. Such an understanding is clearly beyond LaGuardia, whose previous achievement is an illustrated history of soap opera. His feline fascination with degeneracy and pop psychology probably serve him well in that medium; as a biographer, he is a purveyor of dung. Aside from the author's predilection for the perverse, what is particularly unfortunate about this book is the promotional façade, which promises a sympathetic portrayal: plenty of people will doubtless pick the book up wanting to learn something of this brilliant performer, only to be repelled by the rancid image of a self-indulgent neurotic. Well, anyone who will swallow this tripe surely deserves to be taken for the purchase price; for the many who will never forget Monty's indelible characterizations, there is another biography forthcoming in January, by Patricia Bosworth. Her study should counter some of these distortions, for she has a conscientious respect for Clift's artistic legacy. If there is any justice in this world, LaGuardia's effort will be relegated to the obscurity it so richly deserves.

ALAN L. MILLER

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Barbara Adams

Isaac Kramnick discusses the radical urge of the father of conservatism

Drawing on Edmund Burke's recently published private correspondence, as well as his voluminous published writings and speeches, Isaac Kramnick conclusively shows that the real Burke was infinitely more complex—and far more interesting, in both human and historical terms—than his modern admirers would have us believe. Far from being a doctrinaire apologist dedicated to the *ancien regime*, Kramnick argues, Burke epitomized the love/hate ambivalence that the assertive bourgeoisie felt toward their aristocratic "betters."

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

A POTPOURRI, this time, of social issues—drugs, abortion, and pornography. Start with *Sensual Drugs* by Hardin and Helen Jones (Cambridge University Press, $3.95), a racy-sounding but staunchly factual survey of all the popular euphoriants. Alcohol, marijuana, heroin, cocaine, amphetamines, barbiturates, even nicotine and caffeine, are examined. The authors detail the action of such intoxicants on the synapses of the brain and describe the resulting impact on mental function and physical well-being.

The Joneses conclude that hardly any drug is good for you, but they argue that, taking it all in all, marijuana is probably the worst. It is more lethal in its health effects than alcohol (contrary to the current legends) and, while less harmful than heroin, is incomparably more widely used. They review the growing clinical evidence of marijuana's bad effects, including build-up in body tissue, potential damage to the brain, chromosome breakage, impact on DNA and RNA synthesis, and impairment of the power of cells to reproduce themselves.

These judgments are backed by impressive credentials. Hardin Jones is Professor of Medical Physics and Physiology at the University of California at Berkeley. He not only has the scientific background required to describe the action of drugs on the human brain, but teaches a course on drug abuse and has interviewed some 1,900 drug abusers in the past 12 years. Drawing on this background, he and his wife have provided a chilling account of the narcotics epidemic in America that deserves the widest possible audience.

However bad the narcotics problem, the abortion problem is even worse. That's the message of *This Curette for Hire* (ACTA Foundation, 4848 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. 60640, $3.95), by Eugene F. Diamond. The author, Professor of Pediatrics at Loyola University, gives us a series of deft, disturbing essays about the assault on human life that is moving like a scythe through our society. To judge by his discussion, the carnage is even worse than some of us who follow this subject from afar had imagined.

It is not only that we are now destroying more than a million unborn babies a year—a brutal affair that Dr. Diamond makes very plain is nothing less than genocide against a class of helpless human beings. It is also that the dehumanizing ethic that permits such slaughter is claiming other dreadful victories as well: experimentation with and vivisection of live aborted babies, permitting Mongoloid children to starve to death, compulsory sterilization programs, and the steady advance of the eugenic breeders and mercy-killers grouped beneath the "quality of life" escutcheon. This is a thoroughly frightening, thoroughly necessary, book.

FINALLY, to complete my social-issue triad, a word about Professor Walter Berns's *The First Amendment and the Future of American Democracy* (Basic Books, $12.50). This book is so good it is a scandal even to try to summarize it in a couple of paragraphs, and I excuse myself for treating it so briefly only because it has been generally greeted elsewhere for what it mainly is —a first-class piece of historical scholarship concerning the complex origins and many meanings of the First Amendment.

I bring it up in the present context because it seems to me definitive on the constitutional issues at stake in the battle over obscenity and pornography. What Professor Berns has demonstrated, in a nutshell, is that the Founding Fathers intended the First Amendment to be a restriction on the Federal Government only, that they left the power of controlling obscenity, libel, and other such matters to the state, and that they fully expected this power to be used. Local restraints on the likes of *Hustler*, in other words, are fully constitutional, and those who would persuade us otherwise have the tough assignment of trying to answer Professor Berns. □

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Encyclopedia of Music

Music is music, and though we may speak or write a million words about it, . . . in the long run it must stand or fall by its ability to move us, to stimulate us, to entertain, to bore, to perplex, to illumine, to delight, to arouse hostility, or to enlarge our capacity for spiritual experience.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Heating Up

On The Right

London, July 29—When the British learned—it was an incidental piece of intelligence, filed as filler copy adorning the main event—that on the day that President Jimmy Carter addressed the joint session of Congress it was the very first time he had stepped foot in Congress, they were unbelieving. Because in Great Britain the House of Commons is the center of political life. To become chief executive without having had extensive parliamentary experience is at least inconceivable, probably unnatural, and possibly aberrational. For this reason it is indispensable that an aspirant Prime Minister perform well in the House of Commons. We speak every four years about the requirement that a presidential contender do well in a public debate. In the House of Commons such debates as we set up as quadrennial spectaculars, they run off once or twice a week. And if you do poorly in these, before long you are out of contention. That is why the showing a couple of weeks ago of Margaret Thatcher, leader of the Conservative opposition, was so important. She took the pants off James Callaghan, the Prime Minister, and Denis Healey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and all England was abuzz with the word that the lady is a tough and knowledgeable polemicist.

Nothing is more embarrassing to a British socialist than to quote his utterances over the years. It is a wonder that Tony Benn (who was Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Viscount Stansgate until he began his long aristocratic striptease, which will no doubt end only when he drops the second "n" from his surname) hasn't proposed a law that all past speeches of socialist politicians be hidden in the British Museum along with the sado-masochist collection.

Mrs. Thatcher quoted the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he said, in September 1974, "If the social contract is maintained"—the social contract is the term used to describe the willingness of the trade unions to limit their demands for annual increases in pay—"we can get inflation down close to 10 per cent by the end of next year and into single figures the year after." The social contract was maintained.

Mrs. Thatcher quoted the same man speaking a year later: "There is now every prospect of inflation getting down to a single figure, year on year, by the end of 1976."

Mrs. Thatcher quoted the Prime Minister speaking in 1976: "If you can grin and bear it for 12 months more, then by the end of 1977 the inflation will be where that of our major competitors is now."

Mrs. Thatcher quoted the Chancellor of the Exchequer speaking on July 15, 1977, after the breakdown of the social contract: "The inflation should fall below 12 per cent well before this time next year."

Ah, but the lady was not through with Mr. Healey. She quoted a statement made by him in March of 1974, in which he spoke of a £4.2-billion deficit as "intolerable," announcing that the Labor Government would reduce it to £2.7 billion. Three years later it was £9 billion.

In 1974 the Labor Government pronounced the unemployment intolerably high. Since then it has risen by 800,000. The inflation rate is at 15 per cent. The pound is down to $1.70. Public spending is at 60 per cent of the GNP. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was forced to admit that the revenue that would come in (only once, because after that Englishmen would make other arrangements) if all salaries in excess of $12,000 per year were taxed at 100 per cent would take care of the government's expenses for only four and one-half days.

MR. PETER JAY, our new ambassador from Great Britain, and Mr. Samuel Brittan have written, in the volume *The Future That Doesn't Work: Social Democracy's Failures in Britain* (edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. and published by Doubleday), that "The marketplace for votes and the marketplace for goods operate according to vastly different and frequently incompatible criteria. The political entrepreneur asks what most people want. The economic entrepreneur must ask himself what people want most."

Social democracy, observes Mr. Ferdinand Mount, a learned British journalist, isn't the same as socialism. Social democracy presumes a continuing responsibility for social policy. Socialism presumes a one-time entry into the maw of socialism without opportunity seriously to reconsider. England has "democratic socialism in that its introduction follows the democratic process. Its operation is totally authoritarian, bureaucratic, and unresponsive to public feeling. It is a furtive, squalid masquerade, foisted upon an unwilling, bewildered, and increasing apathetic electorate. . . . The difference between this state of affairs and the clarity and certainty with which private industry has usually been allowed to operate in Sweden and West Germany can hardly be exaggerated."

The parliamentary pressure being exerted by Mrs. Thatcher must necessarily awaken the dormant intellectuals of socialism. Mr. Mount comments on their performance. "For all the cant about Labor being the intellectuals' party, nobody in the Labor movement has applied any real thought to the central questions of social democracy in the last twenty years. If I were a social democrat, I should blush to be associated with such a bunch of careerist numbskulls."

The political situation is warming up in England, now that summer's there. □

THE FINLANDIZATION TACTIC

Helsinki, July 27—Over the years the Finns have fought 42 wars against Russia and lost them all, which is discouraging. They did well in these wars, if you don't count losing them, and they are fond of saying in these parts, "Every Finn can take on ten Russians. But what do you do when the 11th comes along?" What they decided finally to do in 1944 was to get out of the business of fighting with the Russians and settle on such terms as the Finns could get.

In 1944, for a very brief period in Soviet history, the Russians were willing to settle for less than what they later imposed on the conquered territories of Eastern Europe. Nobody knows quite why, but the Russians came up with an intricate agreement, some of it unspoken: thus Finlandization was born. That is the term widely used now to suggest the unique relationship the Soviet Union is reaching for with respect to Europe. Thus one hears also of the "Finlandization of the spirit," which is the subjugation of the spirit to Soviet will.

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Concretely, the Finns had to come up with $300 million in reparations. This sum was loosely arrived at by calculating the damages inflicted upon the Soviet army by the Finns' resisting Russian aggression, which they did so nobly in the early days of the Second World War. The hardship on the Finns was real, because they are proud of their reputation for paying off their war debts. (Indeed the Finns uniquely repaid the United States the monies borrowed to defend themselves during the First World War). Under that great burden they struggled through the Forties and the Fifties.

It was further stipulated by the Russians that the Finnish government would be officially neutral—but would tilt toward the Soviet Union in its foreign policy. This extends to criticism of the Soviet Union in the Finnish press. There isn't any law that says it, but the media simply refrain from criticizing the Soviet Union.

It is further agreed that the Finns will not shelter refugees from the Soviet Union. They have going here something on the order of our Fugitive Slave Act. Russian slaves must be returned to Soviet territory. Thus when a fortnight ago Soviet hijackers took over a Soviet airship and were naïve enough to accept the word of the pilot that there wasn't enough fuel to reach Stockholm, it was a foregone conclusion where the poor hijackers would end up. Under the international hijacking regulations, it is agreed that hijackers will either be tried in the country in which they landed the ship, or else be returned to their own country for trial and punishment. In Finland there is no option. Back they go to the Soviet Union. The best that can be said about the situation is that sometimes the Finns are less than absolutely alert to transient Soviet refugees, managing to miss apprehending some of them until it is too late—i.e., after they have shipped out to Sweden.

But this is a dangerous business, and the Finns live under the perpetual insecurity anyone lives under who owes his independence to Russian sufferance. That is the principal reason, they tell you in Finland, for the emigration of middle-class Finns to other countries. In the first six months of this year, 3,500 Finns with special skills left Finland, a drain on the professional and technical resources of the country that causes great pain, and great concern.

The Soviet Union flexed its muscles in 1958, during what goes by the name of the Nightfrost Period—when the Russian ambassador was recalled and trade stopped. This is a quick means of bringing the Finns to heel inasmuch as 60 per cent of their energy flows in from Russia and this energy is bought through barter. The government capitulated and a new government, even more conciliatory, came in. Finnish governments, by the way, come and go with a near-Bolivian velocity. The Finns got their independence sixty years ago, and have had sixty governments. The center of political gravity is left of center, but there is a strong conservative tradition maintained by the rural vote. And notwithstanding the hectic historical and geopolitical circumstances, the Finns enjoy the 14th highest per capita income in the world.

"Finlandization" is therefore best defined as a kind of inchoate subordination to Soviet policy. Lord Percy of Newcastle wrote 25 years ago that the genius of socialism is that it makes private property perpetually insecure. It isn't only private property in Finland that is perpetually insecure, but the independence of the state, and the liberties of people. It is for that reason the Finns are ardent advocates of detente, reasoning that anything that might lobotomize the giant to the south postpones the day when, looking about for ways of expressing its general displeasure, it could reach out, and fight that 43rd, and conclusive, war against the Finnish people. □

DO YOU KNOW BARNEY'S?

New York, July 20—Few things better dispose a man to smile upon the world of getting and spending than an imminent vacation. It is, to be sure, a scandalous act of irresponsibility to suspend this column for a period of an entire week: rather as if the Magnetic North Pole were to take off a week to recharge its batteries. What will people do for orientation? It would be appropriate for Congress to adjourn for one week, and for President Carter to put all business in abeyance . . . But before I go, I must reply to Barney's.

I have written on the uncrystallized ethic of product-endorsement. The general attitude on the subject is lackadaisical. People do not dislike Joe DiMaggio for puffing a bank whose policies he probably knows less about than the bank's advertising manager knows about batting averages. Like professional wrestling, everyone knows it is phony; and nobody appears to care. Laurence Olivier can move from playing Coriolanus, and disdaining the imperfections of human nature, to shilling for Polaroid: so what? Politicians read the lines someone writes for them, poets laureate can be got to praise a monarch notwithstanding their private opinions of him. Art is for hire.

Still, I have come recently across a category of people known in the trade as "virgins." They are public figures who decline to endorse a commercial product, period. I saw a list of prominent virgins recently, but recall only the name of James Stewart. I believe the definition is over-severe. One should be permitted to endorse a commercial product provided there is no remuneration involved. It is an overly antiseptic world in which one cannot say publicly: I had a marvelous experience on ———— Airlines the other day.

Now stratagems for deflorating virgins are wonderfully varied. For instance, I have here this most engaging letter.

"Dear Mr. Buckley: Would you be interested in appearing in a print ad for Barney's Men's Clothing Store? The ad would say: 'I'd like to commend Barney's for its incredible selection of conservative clothes.'

"I realize your answer will be predicated on a) whether you'd like to commend Barney's for its incredible selection of conservative clothes (there being the possibility you've never been to, heard of, or cared about Barney's or conservative clothes), and b) whether you care to do any endorsements whatsoever. At any rate, if you're interested, please get in touch with me at your earliest possible convenience."

There is a fine gentility in that letter. "[Advise] whether you care to do any endorsements whatsoever" suggests resignedly that there are still some of us who are stubbornly devoted to spinsterhood, but also leaves open the possibility that we are playing the role of the coy mistress—maybe we just wanna be coaxed. Another nice touch: "There being the possibility you've never been to, heard of, or cared about Barney's or conservative clothes." That possibility is, by the rhetorical construction of the sentence, held up as sheer hypothetical contingency: as if to say, "Of course, it's always possible you have never *heard* of Abraham Lincoln . . ." And the closing phrase is a subtle blandishment. As if to say, " . . . and it's always possible you don't *care* about Abraham Lincoln."

The virgin blushes, and, to defend her intellectual rectitude, comes close to sacrificing her chastity.

It is the soft sell, the cool sell: more English than American, but becoming modish over here. Is it a coincidence that that which is becoming rhetorically modish should declare itself enthusiastic over "conservative" clothes? Would Barney's launch a national campaign for funky clothes? If so, whom would they approach to advertise them? The Led Zeppelin?

The only appropriate answer to the author of so beguiling a letter is: I *do* care about conservative clothes. If I knew Barney's, I'm sure I would love Barney's. But I intend to remain a virgin until the time comes when no one will any longer care to seduce me. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

A. A backward Theodore — 36 52 166 201 76 120 90

B. A Standardbred horse — 48 27 33 41 118 159 178 189 21 65 / 26 67 73 192 79

C. A holiday not changed by recent law — 56 6 1 51 96 100 136 205 50 150 / 167

D. Equality before the law; a member of the horsey set — 113 142 109 153 147 34 86

E. Winner of 1904 Kentucky Derby — 126 174 58 88 128 111

F. A type of gasoline — 173 139 112 124 199 132 105

G. One of three Arabs from whom all thoroughbred racehorses are descended — 191 9 131 85 114 137 148 23 185 29

H. A minor or secondary activity or product — 197 10 14 161 133 154 168 61

I. One of Shakespeare's plays — 11 18 32 37 71 92 22

J. The heroes of Edward Stratemeyer's juvenile books — 202 188 164 122 16 87 55 66 69

K. A breed of pony — 19 157 134 94 38 180 169 141

L. A strap of a bridle or halter — 24 2 12 68 59 64 72 75 80 77 / 106

M. A place for the lodging of travelers — 42 177 194

N. A town in Northumberland, northwest of Newcastle — 60 20 39 95 107 117 171 49 57 62 / 103 123

O. A European capital — 28 31 74 82 4 17

P. A vice-president of the United States — 89 160 176 165 97

Q. His patients can't describe their symptoms — 83 158 151 186 181 172 7 110 198 195

R. A lover of the beautiful — 184 130 155 200 98 190 162

S. Having a distinctly waved margin — 8 53 40 138 115 163 145

T. A muscle — 25 183 43 187

U. Rather — 144 44 102 156 204 193 54

V. An animal trained for riding — 152 143 13 45 93 3 5 63 108 47 / 70

W. To overrun — 15 146 116 170 46 182

X. A channel from Chicago emptying into Lake Michigan near Evanston — 104 35 101 121 125 203 127 175 140 30

Y. A breed of harness horse — 119 84 129 196 78 135 179 81 91 99 / 149

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 957 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 C	2 L	3 V	4 O		5 V	6 C	7 Q	8 S	9 G		10 H	11 I	12 L	13 V		14 H	15 W	16 J
17 O	18 I		19 K	20 N	21 B		22 I	23 G	24 L		25 T	26 B		27 B	28 O	29 G	30 X		31 O
32 I	33 B		34 D	35 X	36 A	37 I	38 K		39 N		40 S	41 B	42 M	43 T	44 U	45 V	46 W		47 V
48 B	49 N	50 C		51 C	52 A	53 S		54 U	55 J	56 C	57 N		58 E	59 L	60 N	61 H		62 N	63 V
	64 L	65 B	66 J		67 B	68 L		69 C	70 V	71 I	72 L		73 B	74 O	75 L	76 A		77 L	78 Y
79 B		80 L	81 Y		82 O	83 Q	84 Y	85 G	86 D	87 J	88 E	89 P	90 A		91 Y	92 I	93 V		94 K
95 N	96 C	97 P	98 R		99 Y	100C	101X	102U		103N	104X		105F	106L	107N		108V	109D	110Q
111E		112F	113D	114G	115S		116W	117N	118B	119Y	120A	121X	122J	123N		124F	125X	126E	
127X	128E	129Y	130R	131G	132F		133H	134K	135Y	136C	137G		138S	139F	140X	141K		142D	143V
144U	145S		146W	147D		148G	149Y	150C	151Q	152V		153D	154H	155R		156U	157K	158Q	
159B	160F	161H	162R		163S	164J	165P	166A	167C	168H	169K	170W		171N	172Q	173F	174E		175X
176P	177M		178B		179Y	180K	181Q		182W	183T	184R	185G	186Q		187T	188J	189B	190R	
191G	192B		193U	194M	195Q		196Y	197H	198Q	199F		200R	201A	202J	203X	204U	205C		

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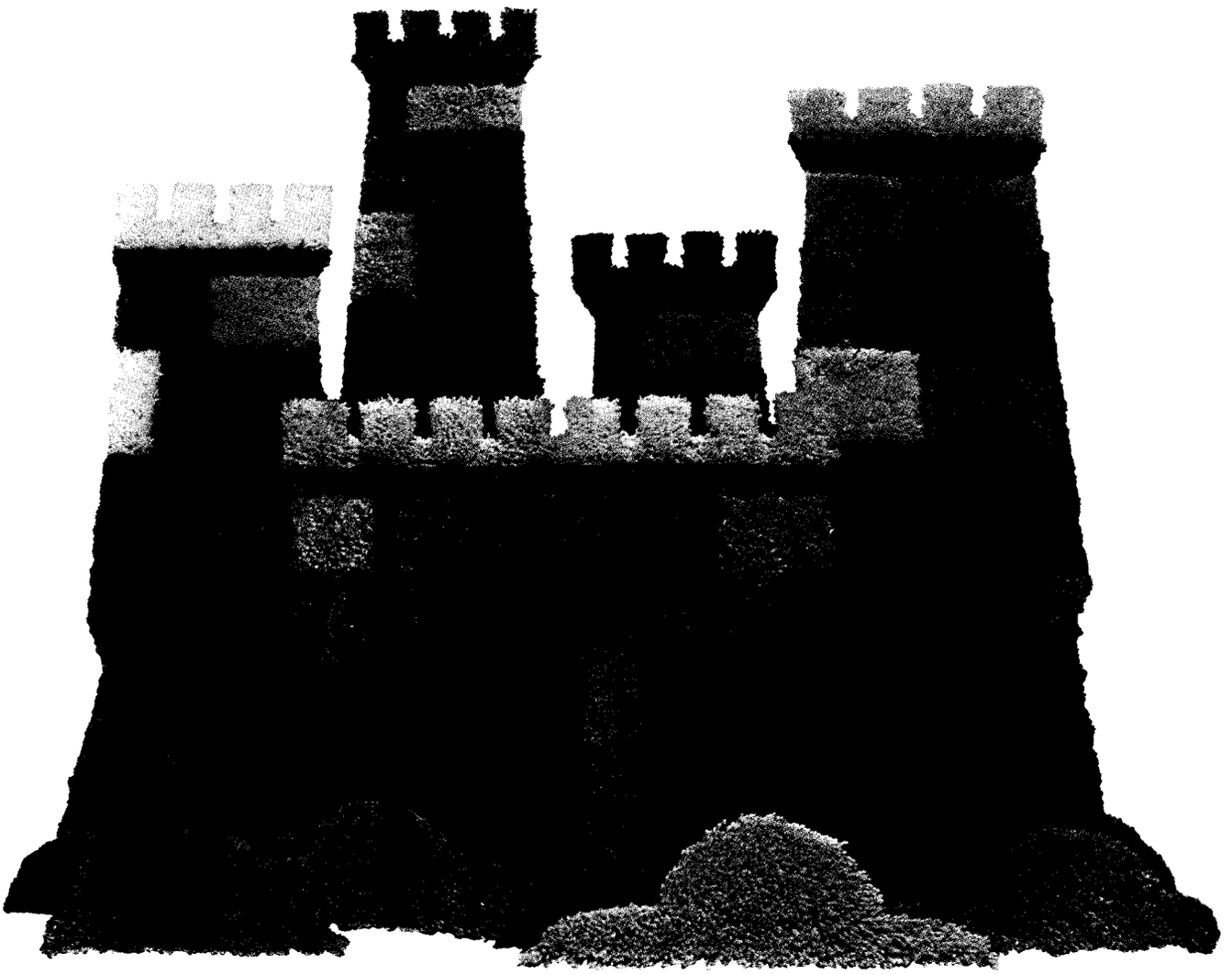

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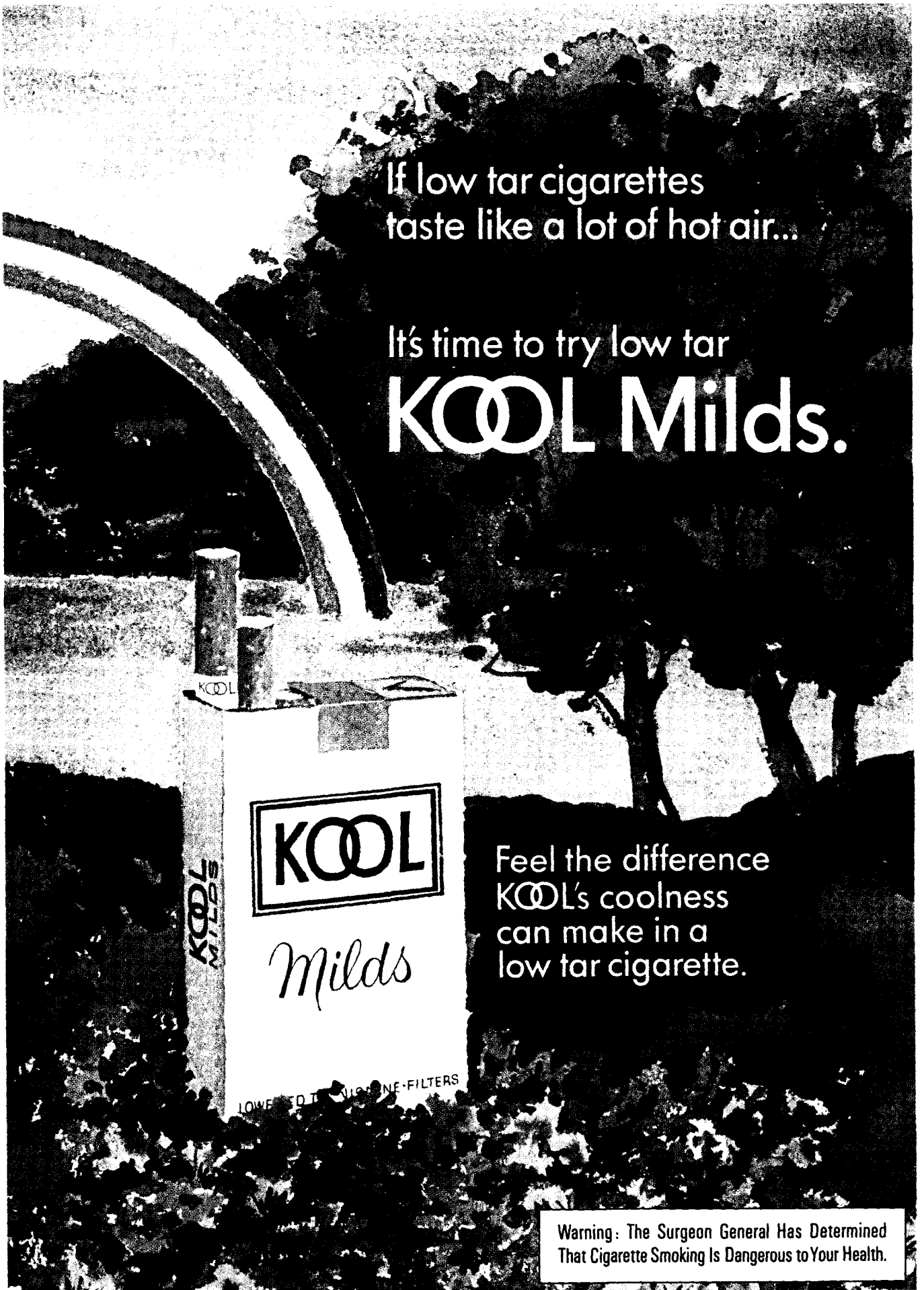

14 mg. "tar," 0 .9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

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